

THE DYING GIRL.

POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOHN COLLINS.

Dearest mether, I am dying— Shadows gather round me now; Clasp me, on thy bosom lying, Press thy warm lips to my brow. Till my heart shall cease its beatin Let me feel that thou art nigh;

Picase to ask our Heavenly Father,
For the holy Jesus' love,
One more little lamb to gather
To His blessed fold above.
Tell Him that in all my weakness,
I have prayed to do His will,
Though He sent me pain and sloknes
I have dearly loved Him still.

Read to me once more the story Of the dear Redesmer's life, How He left His threne of glory For a world of pain and strife; How, when little children pressin Eagerly around Him eame, hen He gave them all His blessing Lisped with thanks his sacred nam

I have loved this bright world, mother, Birds and flowers and summer akies, But I know full well, another Brighter far beyond me lies. Though I seem to feel thee nearer As I draw each shortening breath, He, my Saviour, still is dearer In the shadowy vale of death.

Seek no longer then to hold me From my beavenly home above,
Where the Saviour's arms shall fold
Evermore in tenderest love.
In that land no wall of sadness,
Tears nor parting words shall be,
Harps of praise with hymns of glads
Blend in sweetest melody.

Mother, look! a white-winged angel Yonder stands and calls me new, In his hand a crown of glery, Soon to sparkle on my brow. Hark! from thousand voices swelling, divestest music fills the room, Bright once near me new are telling They have come to bear me home.

One more kies, my own dear mother,
One fond, long and last embrace,
Close my eyes and let no other
Wipe the death-damps from my face;
Farewell! all my sins forgiven,
Soon my happy soul will be
Evermore at reet in heaven,
There to wait and watch for thee.

ELLEN MYRE.

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

I am a thankful mortal—thankful because one of the faculties most largely developed in my nature, is a species of contentment which enables me to derive a great deal of pleasure from very small thlags. I confess to much ambition—I should love to do every thing in a much superior manner to anybody else—and I should like to have everything quite—as nice, if not nicer than other people's. But if I cannot outstrip my fellows either in deeds or possessions, I pause upon the limits of my ability, satisfied that I have done the best I could, and hopeful for the future, knowing that time and steady effort will conquer difficultities and enlarge capacities. I never can bring myself to think anything is to be gained by chaling and fretting at impossibilities. While we fluore to give vent to despairing sighs, embittering life for curselves and others, many golden moments gitde away, which, like crystal waters poured out upon the ground, can never again be gathered up.

While facilitating myself upon this happy trait in my disposition, one day, I amused myself with surveying all the pleasant things about me, and enjoying them to the fullest extent. I believe I had not a wish in my heart for mose than I possessed, though my surroundings were neither rich or luxurious. I loved these things as I loved everything beautiful, but being beyond my reach, I could wait, cajoying meantime what I had, hoping for better some day.

I had just gone into a new home, and this was my "sunggery," in which I felt so satisfied and happy. The house itself was next and large, quite respectable, if not etately, and the row of handsome houses fronting my front windows quite repeated of far taxely and the row of handsome houses fronting my front windows quite repeated of it stead my great easy chair, soft with enablema, and very invaing. A feet sealing had on a deep of it stead my great easy chair, soft with enablema, and very invaing. A feet sealing had on the other side of the rosen. There

held my dictionaries. English. French. Creek and Latin. Beside them lay Bible and prayer-book—gifts from dear ones whose eyes might no more trace the beloved pages. And just over the top of the desk hung the pictured face of one that held a very tender place in my heart. Whenever I looked up from my employment, the blue eyes shed their genial light upon me, and the beautiful mouth smiled encouragement. Other pictures graced the walls, but none were like this; and to none did I talk as to my Oharley, with his royally handsome head bent toward me so devotedly.

A little way from the dask stood a sofs, luxurious with soft cushions, whose bright tints were mellowed down to a mest delicious tone by the simple closing of a blind. The carpet was noft and bright, in harmony with all the other appointments of the room. And in the attreme end of this sauggery, sheltered by falls of bright drapey, stood my bed, gleaming within its miche like a downy mow drift.

I loved muste passionately, so my plane had its place, near it a little tinking guitar. Shrouded in its green baise cover in one corner stood the dear old harp, that had been my mother's, and was to me like a living companion when I withdrew the cover and suffered my fingers to wander lovingly through the shining cords. My mother's awest voice spoke to she through them, and her soft sitvey laugh floated through the twilight when I played the little merry airs she loved. All this was comfort. I enjoyed it with the fullness of contentment because it was all mine, won by my own efforts, and those afforts had been my heet. This little bone, this one room, with all its pleasant appointments, was my world. The tall book case, with its glass doors, showed the gates through which I might pass to many and distant iands. The store of volumes was valuable, and an usending source of pleasure. In the self same hour I could, with the soversign power of an independent mind, choose for my associates princes of royal blood, kings, queens, empereve, and hold high rever with English

heaped in those handsome sleighs, and the beautiful color of rosy checks gladdened the beholder with an exhilerating sense of delight suggested by the picture. Within some of the windows were groups of bables, little ourly heads, and chubby hands wandering and pattering over the clear glass panes in exuberant glee. I could even hear the gurgling of sweet baby laughter at times, so near was I to this fairer side of life, on which I gazed so joyously.

A whim seized ma. I thought I should like to see a contrast to all this brilliance and gladness, and looked eagerly up and down the street for a beggar, or even some poor, miserable animal that might claim a throb of sympathy from a human heart. None could be seen there. Nothing ventured into such pleasant quarters at such an hour, so I went across the room, passed through a long hall and came to a window overlooking the rear of othe building—a dreary stretch of land, containing a few miserable houses, and a park at a little distance, whose leafless branches were strongly defined against a leaden winter's sky.

I know that it was bitterly cold; without the scow was crusted over and the pavements ley, while the ald name by the little thatched cot-

I know that it was bitterly cold; without the scow was crusted over and the pavements loy, while the old pump by the little thatched cottage beneath the window from which I was looking, was literally covered with a shining dress of crystal.

As if to grant fulfillment of my wishes the fates sent an object of interest to the spot. With slow, weary steps a woman, thinly clad and wretched, walked up to the old pump and stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look, that went to my heart. I could almost fancy that I heard the sigh that must have passed through her lips, then the sob, as she dropped her face for one moment in her two wan, trembling hands. I could see that she trembled from head to foot with cold as well as with feeling, and the latter was plainly expressed in her attitude. My heart ached as she stood there, forforn and descalate, grioving over things hidden from my sight, but which yet had power to teach me orem more than I was conscious of at the sline.



"And stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look that went to my heart."

Many minutes passed away; then she turned sadly toward the cottage, and appreaching it cautiously, seemed to be striving to catch a glimpse of the interior without being seem. Finally, after a number of unsatisfactory attempts, she staggered away to a little place where she could sit screened from the sight of any one coming from the cottage, and sinking upon a little pile of boards buried her face in her lap, completely accreaning to the free, and then invited the wanderer to sit buried her face in her lap, completely acceening her head by drawing the tattered remnant of shawl she wore over it.

buried her face in her lap, compresely screening her head by drawing the tattered remnant of shawl she wore over it.

There she sat for a long time, seemingly stupided by wretchedness and despair. At length, after a multitude of conjectures, I could rest no longer, and going back to my room, rang the bell for the maid, to whom I gave the order to go to the woman and find out the cause of her distress. The girl obeyed me readily, and I watched from the window with breathless interest as she approached her.

Evidently the first words startled her, for she sprang to her feet like a startled fawn, and looked wildly at the intruder. Seeing a stranger, however, she sank back once more and concealed her face. Once she shook her head to some proposition made by my measurer; but, to all appearances, it was all the heed she paid to her remarks.

"Och! sure an' I can't do anything wid the varmint, "exclaimed Mary, as she drew near me on her return. "She's one of the stubborn ones, an' yez bether let her alone, Miss. Afther all, she's not worth the thought of the likes of yez."

"Mary!" I responded, reproachfully. "She is a woman, and eridently in deep distress. What can you know of her that you can speak so? I will go to her myself, for I cannot sleep this night with that sed face haunting me."

I threw a shawl over my head and went down stairs, crossing the little space between my home and the cottage with eager, hasty steps, till I came close to the object sought. I spoke to her very gently, and my voice must have been full of pity, for when she lifted her face a hopeful light struggled through the wonderment in her. eyes.

"Have you no place to go this bitter night, that van it down here so forlowing." I asked.

ful light struggled through the wonderment in her eyes.

"Have you no place to go this bitter night, that you sit down here so forlornly," I asked.

"No place on earth," she answered, with a dreary pathos that brought the tears to my eyes.

"Then some with me. I will give you food and shelter to-night, and if I can help you further I will. Night shadows are falling, and it will soon be dark. Come with me."

in it, which she did after a moment's hesitation.

"Now, Mary, bring a cup of hot tea, some toast and an egg," I said to the wondering girl.

"You can get them quickly and bring them up

toast and an egg," I said to the wondering girl.
"You can get them quickly and bring them up here."

As she disappeared I drew a seat to the grate and sat down near her. Before I could speak the stranger had dropped her head upon the arm of the chair she occupied, and burst into tears, her low, plaintive sobs filling the room.

I let her cry until she could control herself; then she spoke of her own accord.

"I do not deserve your kindness, madam," she said, wiping the tears from her face with one corner of her shawl. "But I will not prove ungrateful, and I thank God for his Goodness in sending you to me, for I was despairing."

"I thought so. But why is it that you are so friendiess? Are there none to whom you can go for help?"

"None. My father is dead. My mother and one little sister live out here in the cottage, but I dare not go home. My mother has cast me off, and I am homeless, friendiess. Do not suppose that I have done anything disgraceful. I did not, though I was wrong. I have always been a proud girl, ma'am, and a God fearing one, I trust. But an evil day came upon me, and I am eating its bitter fruits now."

"Of that you shall tell me more presently. Here is Mary with your tea," I said, as the girl came in. "Est first and talk afterwarda."

That she might appease her hunger unrestrained, I saw the tray placed on a little table, which Mary drew near the chair; then went to my desk and busied myself with some papers until she had finished. She ste with the avidity of partial starvation, as I could see by furtive glance; but I did not seem to notice her until she had finished. She ste with the avidity of partial starvation, as I could see by furtive glance; but I did not seem to notice her until she had finished, when I went back and resumed my seat.

"Now will you tell me of your troubles, and

my seat.
"Now will you tell me of your troubles, and
if I can help you?" I seked, kindly.
"Indeed I will, madem," she replied, quickly,
"though I have no right to ask help at your

hunting match with the young son of my me a youth of about twenty; and it was not before he betrayed a fancy for me that me feel proud and happy, he was so nobbeing and so gentle. At first it was ealy in it and a word now and then when he had a sit to speak to me without being overheard after a time he wrote pretty little notes. It

most appear as if any good could come of a grand young man's attachment for an humble girl like me.

"When he saw that I shunned him, he got desperate, and watched me everywhere until he found a chance te speak to me. Then he said he would marry me, and I should go far away and live in a fine house all my own, where he would make me very happy. He said I was pretty and sensible, and with a little study and polishing could make as fine a lady as anybody. I ought to have known better, madam, but I loved him, and all his fair prumises turned my head. I was away from my place and met him according to agreement at a spot where I found a carriage waiting for me. It had been arranged that he was to start home on a certain day, and my master's carriage conveyed him to the depot before the time for the train to start. But when he got there, he sent the coachman back and jumped into a hack to drive to the place where I was to meet him. As soon as I reached it, we drove off in another direction and travelled nearly all day before we came to the house where he said we were to stop and be married.

"Once there, I grew uneasy. It was not a pleasant looking place, and I was afraid to enter the house—dark, dismal and villainous looking as it was. As I put my foot in the doceway, I began to feel that he was trying to deceive me, for I knew that this was a mean little waydde inn, and not the house of a poor minister, as he had represented it, who, he said, would be glad to perform the coremony and keep the secret until such a time as he had permission to reveal it.

"He had me shown up stairs to a little room that made my heart ache to look at it, so gloomy it was. Then when the servant went down, I began to look about for means of escape, for I did not intend to let him think that I could be so wholly deceived as he imagined I was.

"One window overlooked a little back porch, and while I stood looking down, two men came out upon it and began to talk. I fancy one was the landiord; the other was my lover, and what they said made

the landlord; the other was my lover, and what they said made my blood run cold. Then I knew that the man I loved was unworthy any true woman's affection, and from the pain it cost me to know he was false, sprang a fieve and bitter anger. There seemed no means of creape, but I resolved to outwit him, and I did it. While he stood there talking, I descended the stairs souftly and looked around for some safe means of exit from the house without being seen. On each side of the hall were little rooms, evidently parlor and sleeping-rooms, and the doors at both rear and front were guarded—the landlord and my lover at one, and a group of servants at the other. What to do I did not know, but I was desperate and sprang into a room on the right side of the hall, which I found empty. Passing through that I came into another small apartment where a woman with large brown eyes and a sweet, gentle face, sat sewing upon some little dresses for her baby then sleeping in a cradle at her side. She looked up in affright as I entered, but kept silent, for I put my finger over my lips with a gesture of entreaty.

"Oh, madam, help me,' I said in a whisper. I want to excepe from that man outside, who is trying to deceive me into a false marriage. You are a wife—a mother! In the name of all dear to you, help me to escepe ruin."

"Without a word she took my hand and thrust me into a closest motioning me to keep quiet. The next moment she had resumed her chair and began to hum a low lullaby to her babe, while the feet of the men outside clattered upon the stairs.

"Well, there was a surprise, of course, and a

babe, while the feet of the men outside clattered upon the stairs.

"Well, there was a surprise, of course, and a search for me all over the house. Then they went into the road and sought for me along the highway, giving my kind benefactress an opportunity to release me from a very uncomfortable position. I followed her out through the garden, then across an orchard to a clump of trees through which ran a little path. She bade me follow that straight for about a mile, and it would bring me out into the highway again, where I could get into the stage as it passed at four e'clock. She put a little purse of money into my hand, and attered a few hiad words of

my story. My master's family had sont nor a decading story should me, and sho out no pff for even.

"I had done wrong, madem. I ought not to have been hed tway by my vanity and effection into the belief that a min no far above me would make me his wife, and I accepted my penishment; but it has been very bitter. Everywhere I'm, the presed eye and scoverful tongue have exembed me with the etlags due to those guiltier that I. To live is a hard thing. I dare not go have, for they will not let me; and sometimes I have had to beg for the food that castains the missishing into within me. No one will take me to work, and if they do, only to turn me away again when they find out something about me. Now I am reduced to such missery I dare not even ask for a place as a servant, and am driven is the missis to beg for my bread or starve. I wish I sould the.

"I rest up ind paced the floor thoughtfully. Could this girl's take be true? Truth was in her tense and manner. She had not spaced herealf, but hald have all her fully, all her weakness—no sin. Even the cruel swild had not driven her to it as a last resear. I leoched at her earngetly. The small meetith betwayed suffering, but it was not a wicked mouth, and the large black eyes were pure and clear as they met mine. Her fulle of black hair full around ber thin, white face, fine and glossy in spite of neglect. With fieth and color I sould imagine her very prestry, and she talked well. Young, simple and ignorant, it was not hard to understand how she had been led into folly, but no crime left its black stains stamped upon her sorrowful face. I made up my mind to trust her, and frankly told her so.

"I believe you have told me the truth, and I will befriend you. A lonely, helpless woman

stamped upon her sorrowful face. I made up my mind to trust her, and frankly told her so.

"I believe you have told me the truth, and I will belviend you. A lonely, helpless woman has a right to look to us for help, and, God willing, I will never let one of my sex sink for west of a sestaining hand. I will arrange some plan to-night through which to set you in a fair way with life again."

She thanked me in low, faltering accents, and I sat down to think, leaving her to rest while the shedows gathered more darkly around us, pleroed only by the glow from the grate.

We sat for some time in silence, till a coal fell and kindled a brighter blaze lighting up the whole room with a ruddy gleam. My eyes turned to her face, which looked deathly as she leaned hack against the crimson lining of the chair, and only for the wandering eyes, might have been mistaken for the face of a corpse. Baddenly the wandering orbs fixed upon an object at the other side of the room, and she leaned forward, gazing with dilated pupils and quick coming breath. Following her gaze my eyes fall upon the piesure of my Charley, and for a moment my blood ran shill in my veins. Her low cry of distress brought me to my feet—forced the question to my lips: w cry of distress brought me to my feet— reed the question to my lips:

"Why do you look so at that picture? What

here in it to more you so strangely?"

Oh, madam," shudderingly, "it is his pica.

That is the portrait of Charles De-

laney!"
I realed as though strack by some cruel blow, but did not fall. My own voice surprised me with its calm, even tone as I asked!
"Well, what of it? Do you know him—and

west, wast of it? Do you know him—and when, where?"

"Madam, did I not say it was his picture. That is the man who would have destroyed me, soul and body—who caused me to be driven forth into the world, homeless, friendless, dependent upon the uncertain charities of this great city for food and shelter. Oh, my God, my God!"

I could have echoed her bitter cry as she cowered down in the chair and moaned in her anguish, for it seemed as if a weight had fallen spon my heart and crushed it. With weary, telegring steps I crossed the room to the sofs, threw myself upon it face downwards, and lay settle.

still.

I do not know how long I remained there, forgetful of all else but my misery. I had stood upon a beach whose sands were golden, and crystal waves uprolling, left glistening jewels at my feet, while the waters sang sweet songs of love and joy. But suddenly the storm arcse, black clouds overspread my sky and fierce thunders shook the heavens, while the crystal waves were inky in their blackness, weeping the sands from beneath me until I sank down hopelessly, helplassly, descalringly, and wished I could die. All benesth me until I sank down hopelessly, help-lessly, despairingly, and wished I could die. All the goodness of the world seemed suddenly to have faded out, and my heart grew hard and bitter. Nothing was fair, nothing was beautiful, nothing worth living for!

A low, pleading voice at my ear roused me. A little trembling hand was or my arm in timid

ontreaty.

"Oh, medam, I have hurt you, when you were kind to me. I did not know he was anything to you.—I did not think—I was so startled. Please forgive me. I would rather die than wound you. I wish I had died before I came in wound you. I wish I had died before I came in wound you.

wound you. I wish I had died before I came in here to wrock your peace with my sad story. Indeed, indeed I did not intend to wound you."

"I know it, poor girl." I answered, sising resolutely. "You are not to blame. I would rather know the truth than to be deceived." And here a bitter pang rent my pride. I had thought I could read human nature well, and had embrined him in my heart of hearts as only a woman can enshrine a good and noble shiect.

star fallity of the attempt assent me to sink down helphanity, the picture of wrechedness.

Pole Mary, divining some it, but understanding mething, tripped about hereby, present them may that showed how full her heart was of sympashy. I blessed her for the present and happy amile that everywest her moved and happy amile that everywest her moved and happy amile that everywest her since their as the laid a lester speen my plate after beinging in the tray with my breakfast; for the present girl, had seen my face light up many a distourer similar missives, and thought that this would prove a panasees for all my list.

When she had gone, I broke the seed, seed half the beneyed contents, and then in a passing of outraged faciling, threw it from me, and again burst into tears.

Later in the day, I had taken a step which relieved my mind, and after seeing Charice Belancy's letters asfuly bestowed in the mail to be returned to him, turned to Elien Myre and her interests with a cort of foreigh avidity, which proved the necessity for something which could fully becupy my mind and lead it away from brooding over an unworthy object.

Elien could write a fair, piain hand, and with a little assistance to begin with, might serve me wall as a copyist. So I had the little room fitted up for a more permanent readence, and after furnishing her with decent clothing, set her to work, going back to my own pen with an earnestness and determination nover before experienced.

Thus a week passed away, during which time

work, going back to my own pen with an carnestness and determination never before experienced.

Thus a week passed away, during which time nothing more ease freen Charles Delaney, whose picture ne longer smiled down upon ma, brightening and blesning my tell. All that had passed. I stood over the ruins of a shattered temple, once beautiful to look upon, and at which I had worshipped deroutly—but where I must now nerve myself to look down unfaiteringly and steel my heart against tenderness—shutting out all the old and hallowed memories that had made it so accred in my eyes. It was a hard thing to do. An earnest woman never loves lightly, and when I pledged my faith to Charles Delaney, it was with a love that would have willingly accrificed life for his sake, believing him worthy. Now the bright dream had flown, and I looked into the future with weary eyes—struggling through daily paths with weary, faitering steps.

One evening I sat in the gathering shadows, my head upon my deek, and silent tears biotting the lines my pen had traced, when a hand fell lightly upon my bowed head. I had not heard any one enter, and was startled at the touch, springing up with a cry. There at my side, pale and representful, stood Charles Delaney, his blue eyes full of a suffering I have never seen in them before. He sighed heavily as he spoke, and his deep voice trembled.

"I received a package containing my letters to you, Ginnie, and have come to ask the meaning of it. Tell me what has happened. It must be something fearful to cause you to sot thus without one word of explanation."

"Enough to justify me in my course," I answered, with a vain attempt to steady my voice. "I expected you to come for the explanation, and I am prepared to give it you."

I stepped to the bell and rang it. When Mary came in, I ordered the gas lighted, whispering her as she passed me on her way out, to send Elien to me at once.

Charles stood up beside a chair, his hat in one hand, the other resting upon the chair heavily. He was so pale and worn that my

"The explanation," he said huskily. "Give it to me quickly, Ginnie, for every moment is torture."

is to me quickly, Ginnie, for every moment is torture."

"It is at hand," I answered faintly, my heart beating heavily at the sound of light steps in the hall. I turned as Elien Myre stood upon the threshold and pointed to her.

"There it is, Charles Delaney. Look at her face well, and you will need no other."

Ellen uttered a quick, sharp cry, as her eyes fell upon the tall figure, then with parted lips, white as marble, leaned against the panel of the door. Searching Charles's face for a confirmation of guilt, I saw only amasement upon it, a blank, bewildered expression that was unmistakable.

"I cannot understand you, Ginnie. There is

"I cannot understand you, Ginnie. There is ome mistake here. Who is this young girl, and what has she to do with us?"

At the sound of his voice, Ellen roused herself and scanned his face with a look that might have annihilated a guilty man, then she said

"It must be Charles Delaney. I cannot forget the face and figure, but it is not his voice or manner."

Charles turned to me again inquiringly.

"Who is she, and what has she to do with
me? I do not know her."

"If this be true, I do not know what to say.
Ellen Myre has a sad story of treachery to tell
against Charles Delaney, and recognized your
picture readily, calling your name as she did
so. Between you the mystery must be solved
to my satisfaction."

Charles remained eller.

to my satisfaction."

Charies remained silent and bewildered for a full minute. Suddenly a light flashed all over his handsome face.

full minute. Suddenly a light flashed all over his handsome face.

"I think I can, now, Ginnie, though it must be at the expense of my cousin, Charles Zillon Delaney, who is enough like me to be a twin brother. He must be the one of whom this girl speaks, for on the honor of a gentleman, I have never before seen her in my life."

"Thank God! ch, thank God!" burst from my lips as I fell into a chair and wept for very joy. I could understand it all now, for I remembered that he had a cousin Charles, but knew nothing before of the strong resemblance between them. This revelation filled me with a gladness unspeakable, and as "my Charley" knelt beside me with tender words, I placed my arms around his neck and rested my head upon his shoulder, until the tears were spent, and I could smile again.

"Oh, dearest, how could you doubt me?" he murmured as he put back my hair with his tender, caressing touch.

"How could I help it, Charley?" I answered, and then I told him the whole story from first to last. Ellen had glided away immediately after the solution of the mystery, and we were alone.

Charles looked very grave and sad when I had

o'clock he knocked at the foot of my "meg-gary."

Ellen was with an when he entered, propased for the mesting; and had I needed fertiner presed than I pounded to re-establish "my Charley" in my combiness. I might have had it in the state he gave at neeing her, and the pallor that overgooned the fine. My Charley stood up like a prime, and phicament him gravely; "Bo you know this young girl, sir?"

"I think I have seen her before, "superred, the other heatheringly. "But, what in the name of wisdom have you numerous the here for? I thought you done in business out West."

"So I was until your wild feeds came near leaving me my affanced bride, and I must needs some and look to my interests. What I have seen for you to do is, to repair the ground desertant for you to do is, to repair the ground gene that girl, where affections you won, and whose good name you have destroyed, though she was wise enough to clude your treacherous designs.

Are you wouly to marry her?"

"Harry her! Why, cousin Charley, are you med?"

"No, sir—in nound, nober earnest. No man is a gentleman who will pass his word to any living being, and break it wilfully. I choose to have those who bear my name, and in whose veins kindred blood flows, called gentlemen; therefore, as you gave her your promise of marriage, I demand of you to keep it, for you have made her an estenat, deprived her of home and friends, and thrown her mercilessly upon the celd charities of the world."

"This is a nummary proceeding, I must say. Ellen is not a woman calculated to make a man feel proud when he introduces her to seelety and his friends as his wife."

"She is ten times your superior, for all that," answered Charley in deep, coninous tenes. "Yes, a thousand times, for she has been guitty of the one error only—loving you. All the injustice of friends and the world has not debased her, and she is worthy to bear the name of a more honorable man than you are. What is your answer?"

Before he could reply, Ellem who had slood erect, almost queenly in the unconscious pride expressed in every line of her face and form, stepped forward and allow me to answer for myself. For the kind interest in ms, and the noble spift, which has prompted your defence of a lonely girl, I thank you from my soul. But I would starve upon the lee and snew of the streets to-night before I would wed this man, in whose heart there is no love or pity for womankind. Love does not seek to destroy its object, and the woman must be mad who would wed a man with murderous instincts only in his heart. Humble as I am, I still feel that I am his superior, as you have kindly declared me, and I must look up to the husband who may choose me for his wife, not down upon him in soom and distrust. Let him go in peace. With ms, you can do as you will—send me away into the world, if you please, or keep me under your shelter, where I will faithfully strive to earn my bread. But with Charley had fitted up for us in the West, in the course of a few months, we took Ellem with us. As I sit here now penning these lines, she i

n his keeping.

"OLD BARKIS."

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

"And it being low water—he went out with the tide."—Dickens's Copperfield.

The sad Autumn wind like a mou sighing, And clouds veiled the blue of the aky On a pillow of pain was the "Carrier" lying, And dim was the light of his eye.

He thought of his wife—and that now he mus

leave her
In her poor little cabin alone:
And he knew when the green sod his body should cover, She would grieve that old Barkis was gone.

Then thoughts of the past with their presence

were filling

His heart halls with memories bright,

And smiling, he whispered, "Yes—Barkis is

willin!"

And his fast fading eyes grew more light.

But soon the light faded-nor e'en could he know His old wife, who knelt by his side; When midnight drew near and the waters were

low, "Old Barkis went out with the tide."

andy a woman can enabrine a good and noble object.

None of the bitterness or pain left my heart is I threw off the lethercy that threatened to entirall every sense. But I sent Ellen Myre back to her chair by the fire, and after canding sway an uniasted supper, assisted Mary in the arrangement of a little room adjoining my own fir my pretegy's accommodation. When she was unably stored sway in it, and made as comfortable as possible, I turned back to my own spariment, locked the door, and paced the room all grey dawn evept in at the eastern windows. By pullid face frightened me when I glanced to my roll of size or frightened me when I glanced at the infrare. I fait tick and faint, too, and with a lew cry, throwing myself upon the bed at hart, I shed the first tisser that had come to my roll of size of fail times I had benefit that had come to my roll of size of fail along, and when I wallow, and then maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the made the maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the made the was the bed to reason the made the wrong he has done the proposal of the maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the first was the fact, I made soom the was lighting the fire, I made soom to be in our panel of the proposal of the maid and the services of the maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the proposal of the maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the proposal of the maid deliberately:

"My comin Charles has acted like a villain, I will make him repair the wrong he has done the house of the proposal of the maid of the maid of the maid of the maid of the

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A MORTHLY MAGAZINE

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FOOLING WITH WILD BEASTS.

POOLING WITH WILD BEASTS.

We must confess to having a very small degree of admiration for lion-kings, and other gentlemen who show their power over wild-beasts by placing themselves frequently in a position to be devoured by them. We never fancied such exhibitions ourselves, and yet were the practice not found to pay, it would hardly be indulged in for the mere love of the thing. The foolish public who crowd to such performances are therefore really the guilty parties, if there be guilt in men uselessly exposing their lives.

We believe that it is not an unusual thing for a lion-king to survive the perils of his monarchy, and die a natural death; but occasionally a case happens like one which resently transpired in Germany. A Frenchman named Boulsges, had for some time been exhibiting with great success at Wurzsburg. One day he entered a dem containing a lion and liumness, and made them go through various performances. The spectators loudly applauded. Elated by these plaudits, Soulages determined to do something more extraordinary, and for that purpose he collected in one den a lion, a lionness, a white bear, two black bears, four hyenas, two wolves, and a tiger. He then entered himself, whip in hand, but the door was scarcely closed when the tiger made a spring at the white bear. This was the signal for a terrific struggle between all the beasta, who appeared at once to recover their natural ferecity. Soulages, hoping to intimidate the animalst fired two pisted whot at the tiger and white bear. This set sealed his fate, for the tiger, leaving the bear, sprang upon the heapen, there him down and began to tear him with teeth und elsews. The other beasts, rendered furfaces by the smell of blood, all fall on the unhappy man, and in a few minutes he was

let, for instance:

"In postle power Mr. Shakspeare is sadly deficient. His verbiage (f) is stealed and ambitiously instance, his metaphors mossly mined. The vessifier who is a former drama talked of "aspice," refeure," proceeds to wilder extremities in this. He talks in taking up arms against a sea of troubling liner, ing the reader in doubt whether a suit of access and broadsword be meant as advisable under diluvian circumstances, or whether the "arms" and broadsword be meant as advisable under diluvian circumstances, or whether the 'arms' alladed to be the corporal members useful (in conjunction with legs) in swimming. 'And hy-opposing end them,' adds Mr. Shakapears. Task what? the arms or troubles? To terminate a sea is a cosmogonical understanding of difficulty; but the simile is a hopeless jumble. 'There's the respect that makes calumity of so long life,' is a passage of singular unintelligibility; but one yet wilder and more ludicrous soon fel-lows:—

'Thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn enery,
And lose the name of action.'

And lose the name of action."

The italicised nouns indicate the fearful mixture of the metapher. 'Enterprises' having 'pith' AND 'moment' become 'currents' which possess 'regards,' (qubry, compliments?) which subsequently go into 'action,' though whether legal or military action the poet does not say. We have quoted enough to signalize the merits of Mr. Shakspeare's new tragedy, for which, if we thought any manager were besotted enough to put it upon the stage, we could predict the utter condemnation it deserves at the hands of a critical auditory." cal auditory."

WAR.

Has there been anything in the history of our own civil war sadder than the following:—

own civil war sadder than the following:—

"A most affecting scene occurred the other day in a Berlin military hospital. In going the round of the wards, the king noticed a man who had lost both his arms and lega. The king inquired if there was anything he could do for him. The human torso, a victim of the late campaign, replied, 'Your majesty, have me shot.' Deeply affected, the king replied that he could not possibly fulfill this unchristian wish. Upon this, the unfortunate man, flying into a passion, cursed the doctors that had kept him'alive. The king turned away crying."

The army chaplains in the newly-occupied cities of the Union (late of the Confederacy) are kept busy marrying the colored population. Since April 10, 1861, at Vicksburg, 1,456 of these marriages took piace. One chaplaiu married 102 couples in one day. The marriage fees were naturally small. A silver dime, a paper dime, a paper half-dime, were presented; and in one case a sweet potato, by a bride who was more thoughtful than her spouse. The oldest person married was eighty-eight years of age. The greatest disparity of ages was forty-six years. Three white men married colored women.

They are having a great sensation at Chicago. A man there proposes to cure the sick by the touch of his hand. Thousands flock to him, and he touches them at the rate of about four a minute. The Times says persons paralyzed really do throw away their crutches and walk, but whether it is anything more than the effect of excitement a short time will determine.

of excitement a short time will determine.

E. An elderly gentleman being ill, one of his friends sent a messenger with the usual inquiry, which, however, he had not pronounced with due emphasis—"I'll thank you to take my compliments, and ask how old Mr. W. is?" The messenger departed on his errand, and speedily returned, saying, "He's just sixty-eight, air?"

E. The sign of one of our enterprising drygoods firms on Middle street—Mesars. Festelmencer of Justice is cometaling of a stumbling.

goods firms on Middle street—Mesars. Pestch-wanger & Zanger—is something of a stumbling-block to persons not familiar with the German tongue. We saw a youngster eyeing it the other day with a puszled air, when he suddenly broke out with "Forts Wagner and Sunder—that's a lively firm, by thunder!"

The An Irish barrister, when he first domiciled in Liverpool, was troubled "with miver a brass farthing," and he "onst upon a time," described his poverty as follows: "When I first came to Liverpool I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through; and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dezen, for it was in twelve pieces."

only shirt, washed by the denen, for it was in twelve pieces."

"Not long since a married couple in Farmington, Van Burên county, Iowa, early one morning found a cow and a calf in their lot; the cow had a collar on with a note attached, requesting that she should be taken ears of till called for. Some nights afterwards a basket was found at their door containing an infant, about a week old, and a note saying that the baby was the owner of the cow.

about a week old, and a note saying that the baby was the owner of the cow.

[37] It is stated as a significant fact in the experience of prison-keepers, that while wives constantly visit and condole with their husbands when imprisoned, husbands seldem or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their treuble. And yet how many of these poor women have suffered bretailty at the hands of their criminal husbands!

[37] In the oil regions a new class of beings have sprung into existence, but whether they could up along with other "indications," or came maturally, we don't know. The men comprising this addition to the seers of the country are called "oil-smellers," who profess to be able to ascertain the proper spot for boring by smelling the earth. Some of them are said to practice considerable mussmery in order to mystify and impress their employers.

and impress their employers.

[27] A Ban Srall.—A bold soldier boy, writing to a young lady, an "unness frend," with whom he wishes to open a correspondence, styles himself. "A Okoldper." We will venture to my a soldier sever appeared his this diagnost before. If the writer puts an much extra week into his fighting as he does into his spelling, he'll be death on the rebels.

South American Civilization;

Plances and Olimpust at Agriculture, drie, Architecture, Bhacation, and Damentic Even-ency in Branit, Bannes Agra, Banda Orien-tal, Child, Bellinia, Peru, and Squader, as Som and Noted Down.

BY COSMO.

Vegetable Productions of Brazil. Coffee Cotton Corn Bugar-cane.

Taking as a tetal all those in the United States who talk about, deal in, and drink Rio coffee, and it is probable that four-fifths of the whole number are impressed with the idea that all Rio coffee is grown either in Rio or the adjacent neighborhood, just as most people who buy and sell, talk about, and set, bread made of "Howard street flour," suppose that the material so denominated is all manufactured in Howard street, Baltimore. A very great and general mistake in both instances.

There is a very little coffee grown in the vicinity of Rio Janeire, and it may be that an occasional coffee bush may sometimes be met with even within the limits of the city. But there are no very extensive coffee plantations within forty-five miles of the Braxilian capital, and nearly all the coffee shipped at the great commercial emportum of the empire is first transported thither from remote districts, either in the interiot, or along the coast north and south from Rio.

Beveral descriptions of coffee and coffeegrowing in Braxil have been given to the public

from Rio.

Several descriptions of coffee and coffee-growing in Brasil have been given to the public by somebody, none of which I should be quite willing to endorse as my own, or as reliable information of any one else. Coffee oulture is as various in Brasil as corn culture in the United States; and under certain conditions of soil, climate, and locality, the characteristics of both plant and berry are as dissimilar as are our different kinds of Indian corn, if we except one variety—the sweet, or sugar-corn. Yet being carried to Rio Janeiro, the universal coffee mart of the empire, it all becomes the "Rio" of commerce.

of the empire, it all becomes the "Rio" of com-merce.

All the provinces of Brazil lying east of the great divisional river known towards its source as the Uraygay, further north as the Tocantina, and seaward from that singular branch which connects it with the Amason, as the Para, pra-duce coffee as an article of traffic, the extreme southern province—Rio Grande—alone except-ed. But the region most prolific of the fragrant gaterial, is that narrow strip of territory known as the Atlantic slope of the coast range, or Great Brazilian Mountains, rising at their northern extremity is the parallel of about 9 deg, and terminating in that of 32 deg. south latitude, having a breadth from the base of the range, to the coast, of frem forty to one hundred and fifty miles.

More directly under the equator, the coffee

and fifty miles.

More directly under the equator, the coffee becomes a tree-like shrub, having a hard, wooded stock, resembling in its habits and general structure the common hazel-bush of the United States, coming into bearing in its second year after planting, and continuing to produce coffee from seven to nine years, the quality deteriorating and the yield decreasing, however, after the fifth year. In these localities the season of riponing is so irregular, that bloseoms and berries in all stages of materity are often found at the same time upon the same shrub. Hence the inferiority of Rio coffee produced in the equatorial regions, the immature grains being always tough, acrid, and bitter, and however much you may burn and boil them, they will nevertheless taste raw, and as unlike really good coffee as possible.

A sure guide by which the most inexperienced purchaser may always know this quality of Rio coffee, is the great disparity in the size of grains, whether in a raw or roasted state; the better qualities of "Rio" being always distinguishable by a uniformity in size and shape of the grains. The milder and finer fiavored of the Brazilian coffees are those of the larger grained, lighter colored varieties, grown in the interior of the southern provinces, where the seasons something approximate our own in their temperature and regularity—a good argument, in my opinion, in favor of some day successfully acclimating this variety of Brazilian coffees in the milder regions of our Middle and Western states. A sure guide by which the most inexperienced

A Brazilian in Brazil will give you as de-A Brazilian in Brazil will give you as de-licious a cup of coffee as you can procure any-where on earth; and as I see no good reason why their method of achieving a cup of the beverage should be anything more out of place here than it would be in a fashionable cook-book, I give the Brazillilero's formula, hoping that somethods come where will experiment he that somebody somewhere will experiment, become converted, and educate their neighbors.

come converted, and educate their neighbors.

The Brazilian cook first culls from his coffee all impurities, and them grease it, to prevent the escape of the aroma while roasting. It is then roasted in small quantities, slowly, gradually, and so thoroughly, that while still of a bright brown color, it may be readily pulverised between the thumb and finger. In grinding, the mill is set so as to grind it as fine as ordinary corn meal. The quantity required is then put into the coffee-pot, with a half-pint of pure, soft water—(good coffee can never be made with hard water,) and it is left to steep thus from six to twelve hours. When required for use, boiling water is poured into the pot, which is placed in a position where the temperature of the liquid is maintained just below the boiling point for ten minutes, and then a dab of cold water settles the question and your coffee, and you have a cup of "Rio" really good to drink.

The national embleme of the Brazilian Em-

The national emblems of the Brazilian Empire, are codies, cotton, and tobacco. All these plants are indigenous to the country, growing everywhere spectameously, freely—under culture, luxuriantly; and with more individual energy and enterprise, a more liberal national policy, and one quarter of the selence of our country, as applied to agriculture, Brazil would produce all these staples in quantities almost beyond calculation.

extending from ten degrees north to the equator, and inland to the Paranaiha, known as the Scrisses.

In that immense garden world, extending from the equator to the thirteenth parallel of south latitude, and over more than forty degrees of equatorial longitude, Brazil has a cotton realm possessing all the requisites of soil, climate and irrigation for producing all the varieties of cotton ever produced anywhere on earth.

At present this vast breadth of territory is totally unemergized by the hand of agricultural industry. But netted as it is by the navigable tributaries of the mighty Amason, the probability is that before another century shall have dawned upon the world, Brazilian enterprine, so recently awakened from its hundred years' map, will present to the gase of wondering nations, a cotton field, compared with which the combined cotton-bearing regions of North America will dwindle into utter insignificance.

With more than twice ten thousand miles of rough, rugged, semi-dvillised, and often wholly savage country to traverse, mostly at a mule's pace; with four times ten thousand things falling within our observation—things really worthy of notice, we shall sourcely be expected to idle away our time upon trifing subjects, or tarry tediously upon objects of real importance. Our aim must be to notice as many points of South American civilisation as possible, in our course around the continental peninsula; copying the busy bee, taking a brief sip here and there from flowers most inviting.

Indian corn is nowhere within the tropics of any country, a staple production; yet in Brazil it is in general cultivation in all the more elevated regions, from the latitude of ten degrees to the southern extremity of the empire; though it is only in the two southern provinces—St. Paulo and Rio Grande, that corn is grown in respectable sized fields, as we find it in the United States; and used in its mature state as an article of food, in something after our manner of using it. Corn is much used in all the interior region and among the poons and Indians large quanti-ties of the milky grain is dried and cooked pre-cisely as our North American savages cure and

ties of the milky grain is dried and cooked precisely as our North American savages cure and cook it.

It is only in the provinces named, that the matured grain is ground, beaten in mortars, or boiled whole, and used as an article of diet. In the early settlement of the country the Jesulis erected rude, clumsy wind-mills, of very primitive construction, for corn grinding, and up to the present time very little has Brazilian progress improved upon the Jesulitical genius of corn grinding.

In most instances these massive old wind-mills of adobe are true copies of those of the days of Don Quixote—very pictureseque in the distance, but of little profit to the proprietor, and of slight public utility—their usual average of grinding being about four bushels of corn in twenty-four hours, the grains as a common practice being broken into about six sections; though here and there a better class mill may perhaps increase the daily rate of work to six bushels, and particles of a divided grain to ten.

Corn bread is very rarely made; never, I think, by the Brazilians themselves; but they manufacture dumplings, having an edible leaf of a variety of the laurel mixed in with the mass to bind it, on the same principle that we mix hair with our plastering mortar to bind it together. These corn dumplings, boiled with pork cured bacon fashion, and fajons, a variety of very black beans, affords a diah not to be altogether despised; provided one happens to be ravenously hungry.

There is another Brazilian method of cooking the coarsely ground, or mortar-beaten maize, which counting the testimony of every foreigner

the coarsely ground, or mortar-beaten malze, which counting the testimony of every foreigner I have ever heard express an opinion upon the subject, as entitled to consideration, is really delicious.

licious.

The corn, either ground or beaten to just about the fineness of what in the southern portions of the United States is denominated "small hominy," and in the North samp, is first thoroughly washed and freed from every parthoroughly washed and freed from every par-ticle of hull, and then simmered in milk enough to cover it, very slowly, until it is as tender as the white of a hard boiled egg. When cooked to this consistency, the canjeik is treated to a glass of good old sherry or "Port;" and being then dusted lightly with cinnamon, mace, nut-meg—any one, or all of them, as suits the taste, the material is served hot, or cold, and in either case is delicious eating. Those who square their lives by the total abstinence rule, may omit the "Port" or sherry, without essen-tial damage to the canjeik, or themselves either, I presume.

tial damage to the canjeik, or themselves either, I presume.

Next in order of observation, and second in importance to the coffee crop, is the cultivation of the sugar cane, and the manufacture of sugar therefrom. In former times the growing of cane and preduction of sugar was confined almost entirely to a limited territory contiguous to Pernambuco and Bahia. But within the last twenty years the area of the Brazilian cane fields has vastly enlarged, extending at the present time from the Acaray Mountains, bounding the empire on the north, to the confines of the Banda Oriental on the south, a stretch of more than thirty-five degrees of latitude.

The earlier sugar districts still maintain their supremacy however; there being probably more than double the quantity of sugar shipped from Bahia and Pernambuco than from all the other ports in the empire combined.

Babia and Pernambuco than from all the other ports in the empire combined.

There are two varieties of the cane grown in Brazil, the broad leafed, short jointed kind, common in the West Indies and Louisiana, and the slender, delicate stemmed, narrow striped leaf variety, native, I think, of Bornee and Cochin China. This kind of cane is, however, cultivated to a limited extent only, for the purpose of supplying a home demand for a very delicate, light colored, honey flavored syrup, and a superior quality of sugar that is never exported.

The cultivation of the cane, and process of

very simple method provided by the Brasillibron, to blesch, clarify, and as they argue, pierify their sugar intended for foreign communities, worth a brief giance.

Pass through Furnambuco or Bahla any day during the dry season, and if a new comer from alread, you will be astemished to see the side walks of a street as long as Walnut Birset, carpeted by whole squares throughout is entire length with dry hides, laid fieth side up, and spread over with sugar to a depth of four inches, affording a sweet promonade for eatin alippered senters, booted or tomosized cavalleres and men of business, bare-footed Guines, water-carriers, beggars and garbage gatherers, carrying apon their heads dripping tube of unionaticeable abominations, and affording an admirable play ground for brigades of juvenile Africana, nude as were our Edon ancestors before fig leaves became the fashion. Then there are legions of all sorts of dogs, chickens, ducks, and frequent pigs, all rooting, reveiling, shovelling, wallowing in rugar.

pigs, all rooting, revening, sucreming, watering in rugar.

Four days' exposure to such treatment, and to the vertical rays of the tropical sun, and the pulverisation, bleaching and surjification are thoroughly and obsaply achieved—the Brazilian sagar merchant has manufactured the beautiful, dry, pulverised, very sweet sugar, which he sends us in those oblong boxes bound with raw hide, for our confectionery, codies, canned fruits, and the more rechercle styles of cookery.

Children's Hospital.

Mn. Entron—I feel sure that you will find space in your columns, for the sub-joined letter from Major.—, of the —— Pennsylvania Volunteers, which has been placed at my disposal by the friend to whom it was written, in the hope that it might serve to aid indirectly, one of the most unassuming and uncetentatious, but at the same time, most useful and deserving of our city charities.

igh Forward or back? Retreat? Never. Entre

My hand is on the bell. "Can I see the surgeon in charge?" This to a daughter of Erin, who answers my summons, and upon whose locks the surgeons have evidently been experiwho answers my summons, and upon whose locks the surgeons have evidently been experimenting, for she had a suspiciously short crop. A broad stare. Question repeated. Stare intensifies, commingled with alarm. Question varied. "Can you tell me where the Officers' Hospital has been moved?" "No, sir. I'll call the matron." Matron appears instanter, proving she was in ambush, both by that and her answer to my already propounded question. "This used to be the Officers' Hospital, sir, (I've a right to know that's so, good woman,) but that's gone away, and we've just moved in." "Is the surgeon in charge here?" "The doctor? No, sir; just driven off this minute."

Another halt. Evidently a laconic matron,

sir; just driven off this minute."

Another halt. Evidently a laconic matron, not inclined to tell me what I mean to know—where I am. But I'm in for it, and by book or by crook, I will get into my old ward, so full of memories of kindness and happy hours, in spite of all my suffering; so I return to the charge. "Is this an establishment for little drummers?" "Sir?" "Wounded in the service, I mean." Wild wonder and perplexity is her face. I feel repulsed, but not beaten. "What is the object of this institution?" Ah! I have hit it, she is at once herself. "This, sir, is a hosyitait for sick. plants are indigenous to the country, growing overywhere speataneously, freely—under culture, luxurianily; and with more individual emergy and enterprise, a more liberal national policy, and one quarter of the solence of our country, as applied to agriculture, Brazil would produce all these staples in quantities almost beyond calculation.

Cotton is found in almost all parts of the compire, in several varieties, both wild, and under culture pire, and process of suppling a home demand for a very delicate, light colored, honey flavored syrup, and a superior quality of sugar that is never exported.

The cultivation of the cane, and process of sugar making, are so estemtially the same as the old spot where I lay so long, there I seem our own of a "down Routh" sugar land, that the color of the little room where sold and our own "down Routh" sugar land, that the cane, and process of supplies a large propostion of the more pire pire pire pire pire pire pir

ries; the tree enduring and bearing for many years consecutively.

Another variety of the perennial cotton, producing as beautiful a mankeen as we ever simple method practiced by the Brazillingerown in China or Farther India, grown in abundance, of Nature's planting, along the contern bear of the Brazillan Range from the parallels of sight degrees to thirteen degrees south, and over a large territory of that vest meadow world extending from ten degrees south, and or sight degrees to thirteen degrees south, and or sight degrees to thirteen degrees south, and or seed, you will be astolished to see the side of a hobby-heres, bearing a strong remember of sight degrees to thirteen degrees south, and during the dry masses, and if a new comer from already world extending from ten degrees north to the equator, and laland to the Faranaiba, known as the System.

addation.

"And so I cannot find out here," said I to
the matron, "where the Officers' Hospital has

at present, as they did not need so much accommodation.

"And so I canuot find out here," said I to the matron, "where the Officers' Hospital has been moved?"

"I don't know, sir, but I am expecting the ladies every moment, and they can tell you."

"Expecting the ladies!" Thunder and lightning! Ladies! And I expected to confront them. I made one bound down the stairs as if Wheeler's Cavalry was after me, and not till I reached the front door did it occur to me that I might be suspected of issanity or evil designa by my heaty retreat. I therefore returned to the stairs as despected to the matron, who was watching me with a suspicious sir from the top—pleaded a forgotten engagement, and made my escape.

Somebow all the way in, those wistful eyes looking up out of my old bed haunted me; they seemed worse than a dead rebel's, and I thought it was a greand thing to save children from suffering; it don't so much matter for us, but I don't care to see a child look that way, and you know I'm not chicken-hearted. Last tight I met Joe ———, and as I was rether full of my trip, I mentioned it. How he laughed at the dreamner view I had taken of it; he knew all about the thing, as I suppose you do, says it's a purely charitable affair, got up by three young physicians here, who have never received a cent of salary, and that it is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support. Now, if that's true, those men deserve shoulder-straps, moreal ones, I mean, and that's the thing for my money. You know I'm no saint, and you can't come the charitable dodge over me very well, but if what I wrote you in my has letter is true, and there is really oil on my farin, and it comes to anything, that place will be apt to hear of it in the future, that's all.

I am afraid I shall be back with my regiment before you return, therefore send you this, to show you I haven't forgotten old times. Height I would that "this cruel war were over," till it is, or I get hit, Yalthfully yours,

In Australia spurious gold, eleven karats fine, has been detected, which purchasers have freely bought. It can only be detected by means of the blow pipe. It is a very adroit cheat. Every particle of the metal, which is fine, is simply an exceedingly small particle of lead or silver, either round or flattened, thickly coated over with gold.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something warm round you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately compiled with it.

"One of the kings of Spain had been unsuccessful in war, and had lost several provinces; yet he received, notwithstanding, the title of the Great from his courtiers, and, the more unfortunate he grew, was the more rigid.

uitle of the Great from his courtiers, and, the more unfortunate he grew, was the more rigid in exacting such honors. "Yes, he is Great," said a wit, "just as a ditch is great. "The more earth you take from it, the bigger it becomes."

"Interesting events," are cocasions when a nurse takes absolute possession of the house, and the hurband sleeps on the sofs. Bables are

and the nurvand sleeps on the soft. Bables are the tyrants of the world. The Emperor must tread softly—baby sleeps. Mosart must hush his nascent requiem—baby sleeps. Phidias must drop his hammer and chisel—baby sleeps. De-

drop his hammer and chisel—baby sleeps. Demosthenes be dumb—baby sleeps.

23 A domestic in Springfield, Mass., startled the family in which she was employed by declaring she had the diptheria, and the priest must be sent for at once, because she was going to die without delay. She could feel the diptheria in her throat, and could see it. It turned out that the girl had just discovered her nalate.

In the Book of Revelations, Death is represented as mounted on a white horse, but in these days he rides an iron horse—the loco-

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues unsettled and drooping. Bales 8,000 bbls Flour at \$7,50±6.50 for common and good superfine, \$85,50±6.50 for common and good superfine, \$85,50±6.50 for common and good superfine, \$85,50±6.50 for \$8,50±6.50 for two factors for superfined and common and good superfine, \$85,50±6.75 for \$9 bbl for fancy branchs, as in quisity. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with sales of the former at \$7,12% \$67,35.
GRAIN—Wheat is unsettled. Bales 15,00±6 bushels at \$2,30±7.50 for fair to choice reds. \$0.30±7.50 for white, and \$2,45 for good Kentucky white. Rye—Sales at \$1.50±6.47 Corn—Sales \$5,000 bushels at \$1.37±1.40. Oats—Sales 65,000 bushels at \$1.37±1.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.37±1.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.37±1.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.35±6.47 Corn—Sales 65,000 bushels at \$1.37±1.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.35±6.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.35±6.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.05±6.40. Oats—Sales 67,000 bushels at \$5.05±6.40. Oats—Sales 67.00 bushels at \$5.05±6.40. Oats—Sales 60.00 bushels at \$5.

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or lat No 1.
BEESWAX is held at 60c b.
COAL—The demand from the East has fallen off, not the market is unsettled and drooping.
FEATHERS are dult at 70c for good Western.
HAY is steady at \$30-31 b ton
HOPS are dull at 30-50c for Eastern and Western.
IRON—The market is dull. Prices range at \$40-5
for American Perge Pig and \$48-50 for Foundry 190.

45 for American Perge Pig and \$48.650 for Foundry Iron.

Oll.8.—We quote Petroleum at 39.635c for crude and 75.67c for free refined Oll.

PLANTER is quoted at \$3.57 ton.

RICE.—Sales at 19½c for Savannah.

BEED.—There is an active demand for Cloverseed. Sales and re-sales of about 2,500 bushels at \$15.5417 \$\forall \text{ bushels at } \text{ quality. Timothy is quiet at \$5.65 \$\text{ the latter for prime. Plaxeed is in steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels at } \text{ quality. Timothy is quiet at \$5.65 \$\text{ the latter for prime. Plaxeed is in steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ prime. Plaxeed is in steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$2,70.62 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bushels.} \text{ the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ country and at the steady demand at \$1.70 \$\text{ bushels.} \text{ bu

city rendered.

WOOL—Nales are simited to small lots low grade fleece at 80 mSc, and tub at 90 cm.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS. The supply of Seef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 500 head. The prices realized from \$15.00,00 9° 100 he 4500 Hoga at from \$17.40 to 18.00 9° 100 he. Shorp...\$000 head were disposed of at from 11 he of ets 9° h. 100 Geen brought from \$50 to 50 9° head. LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Three Days' Hard Pighting.

12,000 Prisoners and 60 Guns Captured.

The Army of the Potomae is again engaged in severe fighting. We have several dispatches from the President, who remains at City Point. An attack along the whole line was ordered by General Grant on Senday morning. Moridan and the Pifth Corpe captured throm brigades of infantry, a train of wagons and several batteries. Wright, Parker and Ord hruke through the rubel lines taking some forts, guns and prisessors. The dispatch of 11 A. M., on Bunday, etates that all was going on finely, and Wright was tasting up the Boutheide railread. The fifth official dispatch, at two P. M., etates that overthing has been carried from the left of the Minth Corps. The fifth Corps took more than three thousand prisessors. The Second and Twenty-fourth took mee, guns and forts. The line is contracting about Petersburg. Sheridan was on the Boydton plank-road, three miles southwest of Petersburg. The sixth official dispatch, at 8.50 P. M., etates that in a few hours the army would be histometed from the Appomattor, below Petersburg, to the river above. Twelve thousand mee and fifty enamenhave been taken, and possibly more. All was well and quiet at night.

Gen. Smith's corpe reached Dabasey's Millis, on Fish river, within twenty-six miles of Eebile, on the 23d.

Major Keogh, commanding Stensenan's ad-

on the 23d.

Major Kaogh, commanding Steneman's advance, captured Boon, Watauga county, N. C., on the 27th alt.

CAUSES OF CORPULENCY.

By BRILLAT-SAVARIS.

It is a fact that carniverous animals never are fat. As an example, look at welves, jackals, birds of prey, &c. Herbiroscope animals &c.

Herbivorous animals do not grow fat, unless they live to an old age; but if you feed them on potatoes and farinaccous substances, they fatten potatoes and farinessous substances, they fatten in a very short time.

The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated:—

The first is a natural conformation of the individual.

dividual.

Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy.

Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, an oval face,
and sharp nose.

Out of one hundred "corpulents," ninety
have a round face, globular eyes, and pug
noses.

have a round face, globular eyes, and pug neecs.

"It is therefore beyond a doubt that some persons are predestined to be fat, and that, taking all things equally, their digestive powers produce a greater persion of fat.

This physical truth is at times an anneyance. When I meet in society a charming little girl, with rosy cheeks and rounded arms, dimpled hands, a sex refrousse, and pretty little feet (the admiration of all present,) instructed by experience, I cast a glanca ten years forward, and I foresee the ravages of corpulency upon those youthful charms, and I sigh upon other evils looming in the future. This anticipated comparison is a painful feeling, and provides an additional proof that man would be a most miserable being if he could foresee the future.

The second and principal cause of corpulency consists in the farinaceous substances which man eats at his daily meals. All animals that are fed upon farinaceous food become fat whether they will or not. Man is subject to the same law.

Farinaceous food has a much quicker effect

ame law. Farinaceous food has a much quicker effect

Farinaceous food has a much quicker effect when mixed with sugar.

Sugar and grease contain hydrogen, a principle common to both; both are inflammable. Thus amalgamated, it is more effective because it is palatable, and sweets are seldom eaten until the natural appetite has been satisfied, and the artificial appetite alone is left, which requires art and temptation to gratify.

Farinaceous matter (grain) is not the less fattering when absorbed in liquids, as in been

tening when absorbed in liquids, as in beer. Beer-drinking nations may boast of the biggest stomachs. In 1817, when the price of wine was high at Paris, and many families took to beer attained a corpulency quite unexpec

Another cause of corpulency is too much sleep, and a want of sufficient exercise. The human frame is greatly restored by sleep, and, at the same time, it loses little, because muscular action is suspended. It therefore be

muscular action is suspended. It therefore becomes necessary that the superfluous fat acquired should be worked off by exercise; but, from the very fact of sleeping much, the time of action is consequently more limited.

By another consequence, great sleepers avoid everything which has even the shadow of fatigue about it; the excess of assimilation is therefore carried away by the torrent of circulation; by an operation of which Nature holds the secret, some additional cestiones of hydrogen are created and the grease is formed, to be lodged, by the same movement, in the capsules of the cellular tissue. lular tisque.

en

A last cause of corpulency consists in excess

It has been rightly said, that one of the privileges of the human species is to eat without being hungry, and to drink without being thirsty: in fact, it could not belong to the brute creation, as it depends upon the perception of the pleasures of the table, and the desire to prolong them.

Wherever men have been found, this double on exists. Savages will eat with excess, and get brutally drunk, whenever they have the

opportunity.

As regards ourselves, citizens of the two hemispheres, who believe that we are at the spogee of civilization, it is certain that we eat

The "oldest inhabitant" has been found The "oldest inhabitant" has been found at last. He exists in the person of Joseph Crele, a resident of Wisconsin, and is one hundred and thirty-nine years old, as the record of his baptism in the Catholic Church at Detroit, where he was born, it is said, shows.

Mr. H. W. Beecher terms the city of New York "a nest of robbers, a den of thieven,

whose example familiarizes our citizens with pillage, and prostitutes the morality of our outh."

The greatest truths are the simplest, and

THE RUNNING GOODWESS.

THE METERS OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY.

absolity with others my feet hiero tred. The quiet sides of prayer, the winner or year man feet God And here of men I beer.

The rate has a superate to the same of the

But still siy human hands are work To held your tree creeds; Against the words yo bid me speak My heart within me pleads.

Who fathers the Sternal Thought tolks of subsess and plan The Lord is God! He medich! The poor device of man.

I walk with here, bushed foot the grow. To tread with buildness shed; I does not fix with mote and bound. The love and power of God.

Ye proise His justice; even such His phying leve I down; Ye seek a king; I fain would touch The robe that hath no seam.

Ye aso the curse which overbre A world of pain and loss; I hear our Lord's beatitudes And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within Myself, also, I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame, And urgs, in trembling self-distruct, A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt within; I hear, with groan, and travail-cries, The world confees its sin:

Yet, in the maddening mane of things, And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed stake my spirit clings: I know that God is good!

Not mine to look when cherubim And seraphs may not see, But nothing can be good in Him Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below I dare not throne above: I know not of His hate—I know His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
Ilis judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone, For vanished smiles I long, But Ged hath led my dear ease on, And He can do no wrong. I know not what the future hath

Of marvel or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flosh are weak To bear an untried pain, The bruised reed He will not break, But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have, Nor works my faith to prove; I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar; Ne harm from Him can come to me

On ocean or on shore. I know not where His islands lift.
Their fronted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift.
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain, If hopes like these betray,

ray for me that my feet may go The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!
—Independent.

MY STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

PER POR THE SATURDAY STRILLS POST, BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

I commenced my life at the Glosers with the carnest determination to bear with all the vexa-tions poculiar to it, and pursue my duties faith-fully. I fancied it might just be the best school for such a nature as mine.

fully. I fancied it might just be the best school for such a nature as mine.

I found Clare and Lucy Gloser quite untrained as I had expected, but they were possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, and had a natural geodeses of heart that soon was my leve. I began to feel how pleasant it would be to have some one dependent upon me; after all, life is but half complete, when we live for our-salves alone.

He is but half complete, when we live for ournelves above.

As Mrs. Gloser had given the children entirely
over to me, I began the system of their education me I thought best. Observing their delicate
appearance, and sky, shrinking habit, I decided
the physical structure demanded my first attention; so to their surprise and delight, I propused a walk in the woods on the morning after
my setting. The engormon with which they may
the proposal convinced me of the necessity of
the proposal convinced me of the necessity of
the happy days of my childhood spent in
matrix above Braffoweed, and I could not best
class that I could my front, vigorous organization Chine must us in the hall, when we were
take that I could not fine.

making to take a walk !" she sald in oridina

and Agatha was the easter of attraction a breakfast-table. "Was it very delightful?" asked Lou

"Ah i—I hope you will not take cold, or most with anything disagreeable; the children are not necessariemed to walks."

Reidently she did not favor it, but I did not feel at all disturbed.

The children enjoyed it wildly.

"De you know, Mise Chance," they said, "we never have been in the woods before; but we have looked at them from the upper windows of the house, and thought how sice they would be to play in. Once we spoke of them to mamma, but she said woods were no place for young ladies; and Agatha said it was horrid of us to think of is—that they were full of snakes, and doad leaves, and spictors. Agatha screams when she seen a spider; but we like thom; we have see in a corner in the garrest, which is wearing a levely web, and we bring her dead flies and other insects to cat. Mamma does not know about it, we have kept it secret for fear she would make one of the servants brush it away."

They were so affectionate and outspringing in their natures, that I seen became acquainted with the tastes and sympathine of my likele companions, and learned their capacity for study.

Nothing excaped their eyes in all the walk,

with the tastes and sympathies of my like companions, and learned their capacity for study.

Nothing escaped their eyes in all the walk, and I was questioned as to all things in nature. It was noon when we returned, and after lunch we made a visit to the school-room to look over the books and arrange the stedies.

Agatha and Laura Gloser were considered beauties. Agatha, the eldest, was tall and fair, with that stiffness which is semetimes called grace. Her features were faultiessly regular, but altogether inexpressive; her eyes large, cold, and blue. She had a very haughty manner, which, I think, she rather prided herself upon. Laura was a warmer and more agreeable style of beauty—dark hair and eyes, and a glowing complexion. Agatha treated me with cold politeness, while Laura, over ready for companionship, threw herself more into my society. At this time she was under all the excitement attendant upon her entrance into the gay world. A dant upon her entrance into the gay world. A large party in honor of her debut was in anticipation, and from day to day I heard little spoken of but the glory of Laura's expected triumphs.

phs. entinued the oblidren's walks daily, and in

triumpha.

I continued the children's walks daily, and in time had the satisfaction of seeing the pallor of their faces give place to a healthy color, and their listleseness change to animation. Mrs. Gloser must have observed the change, but she took no notice of it.

True to his promise Mr. Stanhope paid me an early visit. It was after school-hours one day, when the children rushed up to my room with a card, telling me there was such a handsome gentleman in the parlor.

We expressed mutual joy at meeting; I was delighted to see the face of a friend.

"Your new life tells gracefully upon you," said he; "you are looking remarkably well."

"It has been quite pleasant thus far, and now give me all the news of the town, if you please."

"A large demand," he said, laughing, "but I will try to satisfy you;" thereupon we launohed into a delightful talk. At last, looking at his watch he started up, saying.—"But I have forgotten, I intended asking you to ride with me. We will yet have an hour before sunset." So we started upon a pleasant driva, continuing our broken conversation by the way.

"Your friend Claymore anticipated a trip to Europe in the spring."

"Ah!" said I, with an effort at unconcern.

Europe in the spring."
"Ah!" said I, with an effort at unconcern. "Strange that he never married," my com-panion went on. "Do you know, not very long since I fancied he was interested in a certain person, but I presume I was wrong."

"Did you observe the view from the hill?"

"Did you observe the view from the hill?" I interrupted.

"Yes, a fine scene—Claymore must be more than ordinarily hard to please to resist the attractions surrounding him. It is amusing to see the manœuvring of mammas, and his complete indifference. By Jove! I could half what to see him caught, he is so provokingly imperturbable."

"How malicious!" I laughed.
"Not at all; it is positively unnatural for a man to hold out under such charms as sparkle before his eyes. Now if I were so smiled

upon—"
"You would appreciate it, I suppose."
"Certainly. Did you say Mrs. Gloser has proved an ogress?"
"No, I did not say any such thing; thus far she has not appeared disposed to eat me."
"And the young ladies—they are angelic per-

"And the young ladics—they are angelic perhaps?"

"I confess they are quite like myself."

"Useph! I doubt that; however, I shall decide for myself, as I understand I am to meet them next week at a musical entertainment which is to be given at Miss Clavel'a."

When we reached home it was quite dark, and I said Mrs. Gloser would be shocked at my impropriety in remaining out so late.

"Refer her to me," said Mr. Stanhope, coolly.

"I suppose I am to be the beaver of a number of meessges of love, &c., to your different friends in town?"

in town?"

"My love to Mrs. Lacey," I said; "I doubt there is any one else who cares so much for ma."

"Ain't there, though! well, I'm not going to make you vain by telling you all that I hear."

The shadow of Mrs. Gloser in the hall warned me that lady was growing anxious about me, so I said a hasty good night, and went in.

"You are late, Miss Chance," she with, with a bland smile, looking at her watch to confirm her words as I entered.

"Ye me'an." I remlied quietly "it was

her words as I entered.

"Yea, ma'an," I replied, quietly, "it was late when we started."

At tan Laura met me with numerous questions about the handsome gentleman. "The children said so much about him, that I could not resists going to the window to see you drive off. He is splendid. Agatha, how nice it will be for you to meet at Miss Clavel's part week. Oh, I wish my time for acciety were come, I am missing so much."

much."

"Don't fret, child," returned her elder sister,
"there will be a number of attesctive men in
the market when you make your appearance."

"How cutting you are, Agatha; you know
you are just as anxious as I am, only you take
more pains to hide it."

Agatha elevated her head in scorn, and ellence
reigned.

Agatha elevators nor non-new prograd.

Mrs. Gloner's pride control in Agatha; she was a disaghter after her own heart, and evidently she was not upon her making a brilling match. Latura jarred upon her mother and sister, she was a disag chapever of their actions, and as she had no mind to be confused to the back growed, she other pure offices by her there may be not a man and a she had no mind to be confused by her their heart growed. There was finds to admiss in Laure, there was not anything in Agatha.

It was the meening after fine Chrest's party,

breakfast table.

"Was it very delightful?" asked Leuns, in her azimated way.

"It was very pleaseant," enid Agatha, medestly.

"It was very pleaseant," enid Agatha, medestly.

"Indeed!" enclaimed Mrs. Olore, with sudden interest, "he has been hesping himself quite eacheded hashy."

"Yes, I railled him upon his unseciable habit, and he owned he had been leading a stapid sort of He, and premised to renew his interest in seciety."

"And what about Miss Chance's handsome kinght—was he there?" broke in Laura.

"Of course."

"Was he introduced to you, Ag?"

"Laura, let me beg you will not nickname me, is is very valgar."

"So it is," said Laura, confusedly. "Go on about Mr. Blanhopa.

"Yes, Mr. Blanhopa was presented to me, but I did not find him at all interesting."

"That is because he has light hair and blue cyse; you know you nover admire gentlemen of your own style; quite right of you, too; it would be very insight for two flaxen-haired poople to fall in love."

Agatha made no reply, but Mrs. Gloser made an appeal to Laura on her freedom of speech, which that young lady received and swallowed with her buttered roll.

As the time for Laura's debut drew near, the family were thrown into a feverish state concerning it. Only the children, to my great surprise, appeared quite indifferent. They were innocent little things, of simple, happy tastes, and a walk in the woods, or an evening spent in my room, with a fairy story, gave them more enjoyment than any they might have in after years.

"It's not so nice to be a grown-up young lady "seld Clear one day." it least 4 craths and

in my room, with a fairy story, gave them more enjoyment than any they might have in after years.

"It's not so nice to be a grown-up young lady," said Clare one day; "at least Agatha and Laurs are not so agreeable. They saidom take any notice of us, except to tell us to keep out of their way. Did you ever 'sooms out' in society, Miss Chance? I guess not, for you haven't any queer ways like them. Lucy and me talk about you at might; Lucy says it would be nice if you were our sister. If we had a brother you should marry him, Miss Chance. There was a listle brother long ago, but he died before paps; sometimes we sak mamma about him, but Agatha stope us; she says we are always getting on unhealthy subjects, and make her nervous. What is it to be nervous?"

I had some difficulty in explaining to them, as they generally pushed their questions with a thought beyond their years.

From day to day a weary looking dress-maker was employed upon Agatha and Laure's dresses. Poor thing! she must have felt the awful responsibility in the matter of the perfect fit and finish of her work, for she received orders of the most impressive nature. At last they were finished, and the household called to bow down in admiration before them. Agatha's was a white crape, ornamented with forget-me-nota; Laura's a plak gauze, with littles-of-the-valley. Both were elegant, and highly suited to the weavers.

"What will you wear, Miss Chance?" asked

wearers.

"What will you wear, Miss Chance?" asked Agatha, condescendingly.

"I have scarcely thought about it," I replied; "besides, being in mourning, I can make but a trifling alteration in my dress."

"True," she said; "what a pity fashion demands this peouliar expression of our loss and grief."

mands this provided in the pro

grief only by the depth of our crape folds."

"Well, for my part," continued Agatha, "I think it bad enough to have to go dressed in black for two years, without keeping up a doieful countenance. Our death is as natural and inevitable as our birth; the one is rejoiced at, I don't see why the other should be so mourned. We all must die."

"Dear me," cried Laura, "what sweet philosophy! But then you surely don't include yourself in the batch, Agatha, when you say wa. You know you never would take death to yourself; you seem to have some vague notion that you will escape when your time comes. I know you'll resist to the last, and the poor old "grim monster" will have a time of it getting you off. For you must go, my dear, whether you like it or not."
"Laura," cried her sister with some heat,

"Laura," cried her sister with some heat,

"how disgusting you are!"
"I know, dear," returned the other compla-

"I know, dear," returned the other compla-cently, taking a waltsing step round the room— "that my conversation is marked more for bruth than elegance. I am quite your opposite in this, as in other respects."

The children, likewise, asked me about my dress, but with more interest; and I told them laughing I supposed I had better wear my school-dress, as it was such a perplexing matter to decide.

to decide.

"Oh, don't! Miss Chance," they cried; "you must look pretty, like the rest, and we are to see you dreased."

Fortunately, I had a pale gray silk, which with a slight alteration would do very well.

The decoration of the rooms commenced early on the morning of the eventful day; and hirs. Gloser so far relaxed from her native stiffness as to ask my judgment in the matter. When I ventured to suggest that ferms and tropical plants in tall vases should be put in the halls and landway, the togged me to give entire directions to the gardener, and superintend the arrangement. So the children and I were left to the delightful work.

work.

For a few hours after dinner a luli fell upon

For a few hours after dinner a luli fell upon the house, the family having gene to their rooms to rest. Thus we were left to ourselves. A mow storm had set is, and the children were doubtful about any genete coming. "People don't mind storms where pleasure is concerned." I said. "They will come well wrapped up, in sleighs and carriages."

As time hung heavy on our hands, I was begged for the story of my childhood; so I went back to the days at Brahewood for their ammoment. In the evening the children and I took ton abone in the library, and then they went to my resen with me to superintend my tollet.

"We had a peop into Agatha's room," said Lucy. "She is sitting bolt-upright in a chair, with that selemn-though half-dresser doing up her hair. She looked affeld to move, so just for fen I called out..." Aggle I she jerked her head unddeady, and, medig me, she called to mamma, who was standing by. Hamma came out looking very severe, and told me I had made my sister nervous for the rest of the evening. I can't understand about this "nervous," Eliss Chance; I'm sure I wouldn't get so if any one just called my mamm."

Hy dress was pressured besentful by my listing the storm was pressured beneatful by my listing the servers.

critice, but they were distrement that I would wear nothing in my hale. They went to bed quite cheerfully, only requesting that their door might be left open, that the sound of the masic could be heard.

"We shall know when you play," mid Clara, "because nobody clee plays so."
I did not go down stairs till the recens were almost filled, and then I slipped in almost suncticed. But in a listle while my friends found me out, and soon I had quite a circle of my own. Mrs. Glosor glanced over to where I stood, in marked disapproval. When dancing commenced of course I fell into the place I knew was intended for me—the plano. As the dancers whirled past me a gay voice startled my ear, saying.—"You are looking well, but playing badly." No need to turn, I knew it was Mr. Stanhopa. I railied in my playing, so that by the time he again made his appearance, he nodded a laughing approval. Presently a figure came forward and leaned upon the end of the plano; I looked up into the face of Mr. Claymore.

"How are you?" he asked, looking keenly

"How are you?" he asked, looking kee

at me.
"Oh, well," I said earelessly, "though per hape a trifle tired just now; and you?"
He did not reply, but stood gazing abstract odly at the keys. I saw that he looked pale an thin.
"Is it pleasant here?" he continued after

passa.

"I may say yes," I answered; "I have only
to do with the children, you know, and they
prove delightful companions."

Another passe, during which a figure in white
glided up, and Agatha's bland voice said:

"Ab, Mr. Claymore, I am afraid you are disposed to fall back into your old habit of retirement."

He turned to enter into convergation, and

ment."

He turned to enter into conversation, and I centred my thoughts upon my music. In a little while they crossed the room, and I next saw them dancing together.

"Are you condemned to this sort of thing all the evening?" asked Mr. Stanhope, coming up suddenly.

"I hope not. Are you tired of dancing?"

"No, I have only paused to ask you for the next set."

"No, I have only paused to ask you for the next set."

I shook my head.
"You must," he said, "or my happiness for this evening will be gone."
"There is Miss Laura."
"Confound Miss Laura." That is—I beg your parden—I don't care to have her presented in your place. Why won't you dance?"
"Mrs. Gloser would stare," I said.
"Oh, is that all! Well let her; it's becoming to a woman of her years. I will mollify her with a compliment, as I pass by with you on my arm."
Laughing at his audacity I told him it was all of no avail; so he departed reluctantly.

Arm."

Laughing at his audacity I told him it was all of no avail; so he departed reluctantly.

I only saw Mr. Claymore at intervals, and then always in the neighborhood of Agatha.

"Well, why nota!" I said to myself. "It is not anything to you, Jean." So I played with double spirit.

While the guests were in the supper room I ran up stairs for a moment to see the children, and found them wide awake. "Is it nice? Are you enjoying yourself?" they asked. Then, seeing that I looked tired, Clare said: "Put your head down on our pillow, and rest a little before you must go down again." Dear little hearts, so fresh and true, how I loved them!

On going down stairs I encountered Mr. Claymore coming out of the dining room; he stopped on seeing me.

"You are going to take some refreshment?" he said, offering me his arm.

I accepted it indifferently, and we passed into the room. On entering I encountered Mrs. Gloser's astonished gaze, and in a moment more Agatha's sharp eyes wandered from the gaze of a dusky-faced, dark mustached gentleman, and fastened upon us. Perhaps it was wicked, but I turned to my companion with an animation that must have surprised him, and entered into a gay conversation. A glow of pleasure overspread his face; the paleness and sadness I had noticed passed away; he leoked happy. I marked it, and a better impulse than had at first prompted me, caused me to keep up the interest.

It is something to think a little word or look

the interest.

It is something to think a little word or look of yours has power, of all the world to move and hold a heart. I would have been more than human if I had not felt a throb at the thought that this man's noble nature owned my influ-ence. For a little while I forgot myself—forgot that I had once said harsh and bitter things, that I had turned aside the truest love ever offered woman. I talked and listened by turns, and paid, no heed to the threatening glances which from time to time were sent in our direction. We were interrupted by Mr. Stanhope.

"I declare," he said, "you two look so happy that in breaking in upon you I feel like the serpent entering Eden. Not that I have any wicked intent, but simply it seems a pity to disturb you."

you."
"What a conscientious serpent it is!" I said.

"What a conscientious serpent it is!" I said.
"Pray enter."

"You got the start of me, Claymore; I was about going to hunt up this young lady when I saw you coming in with her."

"Our meeting was accidental," replied Mr. Claymore. "I had gone into the hall to breathe fresh air, when I met Miss Chance coming down stairs. Allow me to resign her to you, on the admiration of pear prior claim."

"Oh, don't ge, Claymore; we are an interesting group, if I may judge from the direction of certain eyes. Remain where you are; we three are kindred spirits, you know."

But Mr. Claymore left us in a few moments,

are kindred spirits, you know."

But Mr. Claymore left us in a few moments, and I saw Agatha meet him half way across the

"There is a great deal of beauty here to-night," I said to Mr. Stanhope, glancing over the room.

"A great deal—in this corner.".
"What do you think of Miss Laura?"

"What do you think of Miss Laura?" I added.

"I think she is on her way to this part of the room; so, if you will take my arm, we will return to the pariors."

When dancing was resumed I continued my place at the plane, only resigning it when Again as we will be the room, and passionless; yet she had a certain style of execution which was sometimes admired. I left the room before any of the generath below. I had not quite my old relish for these things—they were not so matisfying as in times gone by.

"Ala," I thought to myself, "here is another she in the change Mr. Claysness spoke of."

I suppose there was never known to be a

chicofts, pleasant breakfast on the mouting after a party. The meal at this time econe just so much of an insult offered upon white chim, the partshale auting as if resembling is.

Hen. Observible best forestability behind the coffee use, while the others showed open discented over their plates. For, even Learn's brightness was elicated.

Freeently Mrs. Glosse was heard, "I was not aware that Mr. Chance was heard, "I was not aware that Mr. Chance was heard," I was not aware that Mr. Chance was heard, "I was not aware that Mr. Chance my childhood," I said.

Agains visited ber bend in orders."

"I fall not openider it necessary," I replied coolly.

Her face flushed and Mr. Chance and the said.

"I did not consider it necessary," I replied coelly.

Her face flushed; and Mrs. Gloser continued with marked disappereral in her tone.

"I presumed the acquaintance was of some standing, from the manner with which yes treated him last night."

Half angry, half amused, I deigned no reply.

"I don't think him handsome," skid Laura, gaining voice, "except when he smiles, and then he is wonderful."

I plainty saw that my friendship for Mr. Clay.

gaming voice, "except when he smiles, and then he is wonderful."

I plainly saw that my friendship for Mr. Claymore was an offence, and that in the future I would be watched with jealous eyes.

Having entered the charmed circle, Leura gave herself up to the delights of balls and parties, and a winter of gayety opened to the Glosers. Little Lucy said to me one day—

"Miss Chance, do people enter seciety only to get married?"

"Why, Lucy?" I asked.

"Oh, because Agatha and Leura were so anxious to come out; and now they only talk of gentlemen. Laurs, I guess, will marry Mr. Stanhope, and Agatha, Mr. Claymore; at least, that is the way they seem to be arranging it.

"Thinking I had have demand."

that is the way they seem to be arranging a. Mamma..."

Thinking I had heard enough of family socrets, I suddenly diverted Lucy's thoughts to the subject of German Legendry, and soon had her lost in the depths of the Thuringian forest. When we found our way out, Clare said,

"Are there really any spirits, Miss Chance? Lucy thinks there is one in our woods, for at night she hears strange sounds, and sees lights sparkling up. I hope there is, it would be so nice to have one of our own, just as we have our little spider."

"How does the spider come on, Clare?"

"How does the spider come on, Clare?"

"Oh, she is lovely, black, and soft as velvet. She begins to know us now, and runs to the edge of the web when she sees us coming with sites. She has a dark little closet poked behind her web, where she sleeps and keeps her insects. And we have given her a name—we call her Jean, for you, Miss Chance, because there is no one we leve so well."

I uttered my seknowledgments for the homer done ms.

I uttered my acknowledgments for the honor done me.

When I went to my room, Lucy's discioures of her sisters' plans came up to my mind. I didn't see why I should care at all about it, and I argued with myself that I didn't, but the heart is deceiful above all things. I experienced a pang that belied my words. I recalled all that I had seen and heard—Mrs. Gloser's manœuvring, Agatha's conversation, for strange to say Agatha's affairs dwelt most in my mind.

I spent the Christmas holidays at Mrs. Lacey's, in company with the children. It proved a very pleasant time to us.

It was the day after our return, when I met the children on the stairs in tears and lamentations.

"Oh, Miss Chance," cried Lucy," our spider,

"Oh, Miss Chance," cried Lucy," our spider, our poor spider!"

"What is the matter with her?" I inquired.

"Oh, she is dead, killed! Just after dinner Agatha met us on our way up stairs with the flies for our pet, and without thinking, we were counting them aloud. She stopped us to know what it all was about, and then it came out. She ran screaming down stairs, and mamma sent Kate up with a broom to kill the poor little thing. Oh, wasn't it crue!? and her web nearly finished, just a little bit at the corner to do. But the worst of it is, Agatha says you are to blame, that you have encouraged in us all sorts of odd fancies."

I comforted them with the assurance that another spider would one day take the vacant corner in the garret; and they were fast drying their tears when Laura made her appearance.

"Poor little geese!" she laughed; "what a pity they belong to a Christian family, their tastes are so suited to Heathendom."

I was not surprised when at tee that evening,

I was not surprised when at tea that evening, Mrs. Gloser began, with a slight cough, "There is a little matter in connection with the children, which I find necessary to mention to you, Miss Chance."

Having forestalled her intention, I hastened to forestall her speech.
"I am aware, ma'am, it is the story of the

Having forestalled her intention, I hastened to forestall her speech.

"I am aware, ma'am, it is the story of the spider; allow me to say in reference to it, that the insect was domesticated in the garret long before I came here. Though for some time cognizant of its existence, I felt neither liberty nor disposition to disturb it, especially as it was a source of innocent amusement to the children."

"Really, Miss Chance, I cannot agree with you upon the propriety of cultivating a taste for unsightly objects. There should a shrinking in the refined, from all that is loathsome and ugly. I think I would wish the children to grew up with delicate tastes."

Highly amused, I replied—
"You disposed of the matter yourself, ma'am, some hours since. Having no control whatever, upon the habit of spiders to locate in garrets, and of children to form attachment for them, I beg to be excused any further voice in the matter."

ter."

If rs. Gloser assumed a stately, offended sir, while Agatha's look spoke "war to the death?" in the matter.

"Hah?" said Laure, "all this to-do shout a spider! Well"—with mock seriousname—"I haven't the poor creature's death on my bond. Agatha, you will certainly see that thread-lags spirit to night, wrapped in a winding shoet of her own weaving. Don't come into my room when the apparition comes; I have had no hand in the matter, and won't be mixed up in it."

"Larre was are immifrueble, at times."

"Lears, you are insufferable, at times "So are you aspecially on the suliders."

piders."
"Hamma !" said Agatha, appealingly.
"Laura, I issist," said Mrs. Gloss

"Don't talk to me about it, manne; I have mad I wonk my hands of this manuscraw dood; has also for Lady Modest !"—with a copie plants at her stone. "Busing a stored pumbing I deal to my own

"Mrs. Glester was not a pursue to forget capthing, own trifles light an options; and I seen
observed a merical chicage in her measure toward me. Agatha ware an injerted sit when in
my presence, which increased delit; altogether
my life was not very envishie at this paried. I
here is with an good gence as possible, for as I
mid before, I had anticipated much that would
be measying in this kind of life.

The spring was opening, and one bright aftermon that had the breath of April in it, I found
myself quite alone in the house; Mrs. Gitter
and Agatha having gone to make eals, while
Lacre, is a sudden it of kindmone, had taken the
children out for a visit to some maken lady of
the neighborhood.

Lounging in an easy-chair, I gave myself up
to the delight of reading "Aurora Leigh," fleddenly the seemd of a value in the hall amounced
visitore.

Preveking! The door was thrown open,

Provoking! The door was thrown open, own went my book, and in walked Mr. Stan-

down went my book, and in walked Mr. Stan-hope.

"Cherming?" he said, coming forward. "Not a Gloor to be seen." And throwing himself into a chair appealse me, he full se mixing up-the weather, the Gloors, and other topics, in his usual absert style.

The hours were on lightly, and we had just gone to the plane to try a favorite duest, when Mrs. Gloor and Agatha reterred. Mrs. Gloor formed a striking picture as she stood in the decreay with lifted systems. With his usual sang froid, Mr. Stanhope advanced, over-whelming the ladies with greetings and compil-ments.

ments.
"I thought you intended walking this after-noon, Miss Chance," said Mrs. Gloser, with a slight saser lurking in her voice.
"I did," I replied, "but gave up the walk for

"Ah!"

"Yes," said Mr. Stanhops..." when compelled to give up reading to entertain me, she turned quite disagreeable on my hands, and I was obliged to propose music in the bope of bringing about a happier mood."

This speech proved almost irresistible to me, but I carefully avoided the eye of the daring

This speech proved almost irresistible to ma, but I carefully avoided the eye of the daring speaker.

He had been but a little while gone, when Laura and the children returned.

"What a pity, Laura," said Agatha, "your handscene knight has been here and gone."

Laura ant down on the music-steel, with a blank countenance.

"Now, Agatha, you don't mean to say I paid that herrid old Miss Bailley a visit only to miss seeing Mr. Stanhope?"

"I do indeed. We found Miss Chance entertaining him quite as well as you dould have done—at least he appeared to think so."

Agatha took this eccasion to revenge herself upon her sister for all her speeches, and at the same time relieve herself of a little spicen on my account. Darting a look expressive of rage at me, Laura hastily left the room.

But Laura is trimph was complete, when, two weeks after, she met me on coming out of the school-room one day, and informed me that Mr. Claymore had called to say farewell, previous to starting for Europa. I stood against the door, and she fixed her cold, keen eyes upon me as she made the announcement. If she looked for the effect of her words, she looked in vain; I would never full before this woman. So I uttered some commonplace remark in reply, and she passed me in wonder. When I went to my room, I allowed the blow to tell.

Be he would not seepa; he had gone without a word of good-bye, and we might never meet again. Now, when it was too late, I knew that I regretted the friendship and love which had been offered me. Now that it was too late, I made the discovery that my heart had slipped from my keeping while I was unaware.

It was several days after this when the children, running to my room, told me there was a gentleman below who called to see me. Wondering very much, I went down stairs, and, to my great surprise, found Mr. Claymore.

"I thought perhaps you had salled," I stammered.

"No," he said. "I could not go without taking leave of you, though you would not see

said slowly.

"Will you choose Italy for your stay?" I then

He arose, and taking up his old position by the mantelpleos, he gazed thoughtfully down, while he replied:

"I don't know anything about it. A ship will sail one of these days, and a lonely man will stand upon the deck, but catch no giance of loved faces looking a tender good-bys. I commenced life a lonely, uncared-for thing, and so I will end it. I have no plans, no hopes, no tice."

memoed life a lonely, uncared-for thing, and so I will end it. I have no plans, no hopes, no ties."

I could not lift my eyes, because of their weight of tears, but I said in a choking voice: "There are many who will miss you."

"Many!" he schood. "I care but for one. I am a fool that I speak, and I know your tears only indicate pity, but it will be for the last time. I thought by a strong resolve I could kill my affection, but every day it is a freeh struggle. Don't weep. I love you toe well to see you sad but for a moment; and I will even try to rejoice in your happiness when it comes. If I had not been blind, I might have seen it all long aga. He is better worthy of your love than I, though Heaven known he can never love you better. He—"

"There is some mistake," I cried. "I do not understand it. There is no one—ob, why should I healtste to any it—there is no one I love but you. Once I refused your love—now I beg for it."

I could say no more, for I was taken into the arms which had so long waited for me, and all speech was for a moment dumb.

I was obliged to go through the excitement of leaving the Glosers, and the pain of parting with the children was very great. I was received by the Laceys with triumph, Mrs. Lacey telling me that her dearest wishes concerning my happiness were new fulfilled.

Mr. Stanhope said he could have objected, only he saw the end frem the beginning.

And so it canno, that can day a vessel see odil, and on her deck stood a very happy man and woman, who found their weild in anch other's eyes.

"All's well that ends well."

"All's well that ends well."

With great trees the need in subline and

WITCHCHAFT.

WESTER FOR THE SATURNAY STREETS PORT, BY MARIE LOUISE.

Door she love me tander and true? I wish and I wish that I knew; the length when I talk of my love, But frowns if I call her my dove.

This morning I saked her to walk, Of the sed, and past was our talk; Her mood was so vinning and sweet, My beart was sgain at her feet.

I prayed, "My dear, say yes or no, Tell ma, tell me to stay or go." Ilbe laughed a little soft and low, And said, "If you can you may go."

Yet she looked through such tender eyes, My angry heart in hushed surprise Lay very still, and made no sign; O dare I trust you, eyes divine!

I plucked a blossem from a tree, And sadly said, "Remember me; Before we part, oh, orusi girl, Give me, I pray, one golden curl."

On me she bent a quiet look.
Then from her best her ecissors took
And quickly, sharply out, only, enap,
A warm, bright trees lay in her lap.

She put it in my open palm, With a fair face of emiling calm, Then with a laugh hid in her eye, She softly said, "Dear friend, good bya."

A moment through the glaneing green Her white robe shone like fairy sheen; And then the sunshine grew less bright, And the lilies looked not so white.

The dear witch knows as well as I, When twilight falls who will be nigh, Who with the early evening star, Will keep tryst at her lattice bar.

"Taking Thought for the Morrow."

He had been but a little while gone, when Laura and the children returned.

Will keep tryst at her lattice bar.

"Taking Thought for the Morrow."

There are two sorts of "taking thought for the morrow". There are two sorts of "taking thought for the morrow". The morrow "the one proper, and necessary to use one's happiness. The first kind consists in a blank countenance.

"Yow, Agaths, you don't mean to say I paid that heard old likes Balliey a visit only to miss seeing iff. Stanhope?"

"I do indeed. We found Miss Chance entertaining him quite as well as you chould have done—at least he appeared to think so."

Agaths took this eccasion to revenge herself upon her sister for all her speeches, and at the same time relieve herself of a little spleen on my account. Daring a look expressive of rage at the Laura's triumph was complete, when, two weeks and gift, the meeting her room.

But Laura's triumph was complete, when, two weeks and gift, the meeting her room.

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Claymore had called to say furewell, pervious to starting for Europa. I stood against the door, and she fixed her cold, keen eyes upon me as she most the announcement. If she loofted fire valo, if we will before this womath. So interest and the passed on the resulter. When I went to my room, I allowed the blow to tell.

When a would not seekes, the had gone without a word of good-bys, and we might never more than the provision of the future, and, with heart fall of foreboding, and mind burdened with auxious the most several days after this when the children, reuning to my room, to lime there was a gentleman below who called to see me. Wood were the other day."

"I was not sware you were here," I said. "I have fall placed on the content of the future, or which he has now no control.

"Now he said. "I could not go without taking leave of you, though you would not see me the other day."

"I was not sware you were here," I said. "I have fall of love the cou

belongs to another. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the petition, and not, "Give us this day bread for a week, or month, or year." The future has its own wanta, and its own provisions for them—so also has the present—so has each particular day of our lives; and it is wrong for us to put into one day what belongs to another. This is true of all the wants and contingencies of human life. The future will have its own cares and anxieties—plenty of them, likely—and they will be forthooming in due time; but they have no business among the cares and anxieties of to-day.

Thirdly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because God does not give us grace and strength to-day to bear trials that will not befall us for years to come. The grace and strength that we have to-day are bestowed with an exclusive reference to the painfulness or magnitude of to-day's trials. The trials that God will send upon us to-morrow, or next month, or next year, if they are heavier or severer than those of to-day will be accompanied by larger supplies of grace and strength. "As thy day is, thy strength shall be." Be that, when we trouble ourselves about the events of the future, we take upon ourselves a burden for which teday's grace and strength are not adequate—God not giving us, in advance, assistance to bear troubles yet in the future. No wonder that in such circumstances our hearts grow sad, and our faces petilid, and our heads white, as we vainly attempt to stagger along under burdens that are too heavy for us, and are crushing us in the dust.

Fourthly, we should not allow an undue care about the future to have place in our minds, because it implies against of confidence in God. The present is ours—the future is God's. He has it all in His own hands. He claims it as His prerogative to dispose of its affairs. And when we are anxious about what evil or good shall befall us in the future, we in effect doubt God's wisdom, or power, or goodness. We show a want of confidence in Hise. We ought t

that the hair of dead women should grace the heads of living beauty. What next will Pashion orders?

stood up, and commenced divesting herself of her rings and braceleta. She was very delicately careful over these things: she polished them up with her filmy handkerchief one by one as she took them off.

"What's the matter with you, Theo? Do you take that affair (isn't this a fine opal there, you can see it when I flash it so!) to heart much, after all? How about the presents? You have never told me whether you returned them or not."

"Oh, don't! I had none to return."

"How mean of him—horribly mean! and yet I doubt whether they're not more bother than anything, it's so awkward to go and give anything back; it looks as if you suspected a man of being low enough to regard the worth of them; besides, I get to like things, don't you?"

"Now, there's that ring, for instance, and a stud-brooch, opals and diamonds to match it. I begin to feel that I ought to give them back, because, you know, when Hargrave gave them to me I think he understood that I—understood what be—I mean what they—"

Miss Scott having rambled slightly during the whole of her explanation, now lost her way entirely, and stopped.

"Yes, meant, if you like it; for my part, I hate things that are 'meant,' they always put one in the wrong place, and of all earthly things I hate being in the wrong place. Hargrave has been like a brother to me; he's such a dear fellow, you know; we're great friends, and I could love his wife, if he had one, like a sister; but if I have to guard against what he has 'meant,' why, it will be a hideous nuisance."

"Has a necessity for guarding and defending yourself arisen?" Thee asked. She asked it with a fresher interest than she had yet betrayed, for Sydney's speech severed of a certainty of something—of acmething concerning Frank perhape.

"It has "b—not exactly, at least, but one's always open to its arising; and then if one heas to explain, and spologies, and say 'sorry' for a whole heap of things that would have been nothing if a lot of people hadn't talked them up to your misery, it makes it ediess. No teafor me; I

THEO LEIGH.

We do not come the first has presented as the side dist, and the registery are not at the same of the

moved, that was moving still, which had troubled her for awhile.

There was no presentiment in her mind to prepare her for that to which she was going, to urge her on, or to restrain her. As unconsciously as the great majority in real life, she went on in an unprepared state to that which nothing in reason could have prepared her for. At the worst she deemed that lurking form could be but a stray village dog or child; she went on to pat or reprove it, as the case might be—went on with a conscience void of either fear or hope, and found herself face to face with Harold Ffrench.

No Romeo waiting in the garden with the warm pallor of passion and a southern night upon his face, but visibly a middle-aged gentleman who felt the cold, for his coat was closely buttoned, and he seemed to shudder. Only for an instant had she time to observe these things, in the next he was coming close to her with extended hands, and the words, "My God! Theo, you here?" on his lips.

"I am so glad."

Fracir she rendered up her welcome, honestly

tended hands, and the words, "My God! Theo, you here?" on his lips.

"I am so glad."

Freely she rendered up her welcome, honestly she showed him that it was joy to her to see him again. It might have been that five minutes before each had been feeling sere and sorrorful at heart on account of the other. But now, in this first moment of greeting, no sign was made by either of aught but genuine joy at once again having met. Life is very short. God be preised that some natures seins the golden moments without dimming them by retrespective tears! It was nothing that the girl forgot that she had been injured by and had suffered for this man, but it was grand in him to forget that he had so injured, and caused her to suffer.

He had taken both her hands in his first agitation, for though he forget the sevent part of the affair, he remembered quite emough to be agitated. And now he released them one by ome as he remembered move. Then she spicks again vapidly, for she pitted him so keenly fee being there, and dared not show tha pity, and knew that he knew she dared not show it, and bled at her heart for them both.

"I suppose you're on your way—you've missed the move Maddington."

"I suppose you're on your way—you've missed the way to Haddington."
"Yes, I'm on my way to Haddington," he re-plied. It was disconcerting to him to be found

daughter. It was very horrible to him to come upon her thus, and to have a doubt of her perfect integrity forced upon him for the first time in such a way.

It did not occur to Theo to tell her father at once that this was no assignation, no planned romance under the moon, no triding with his honor or her own. She did not suppose it possible that he could deem it such; she gave no thought to the fact of appearances heing horribly against her. She only felt stung to her soul to hear such words as those he had given vent to used by her father to Harold Firench.

"Don't call him that," she cried, going up,

to used by her father to Harold Firench.

"Don't call him that," she cried, going up, and trying to cling to her father's arm as she was wont to cling to it, and feeling that he would not suffer her to do ro—why, she could not tell. "Don't call him that, dear," she repeated. Then the recollection of her desolution came upon her, and she put her head on his shoulder and said :

came upon her, and she put her head on his shoulder and said:

"Kiss ma, papa; oh, my dear father! I am so glad you have come."

"Don't add hypocrisy to it," he returned sternly; then, while Theo looked up at him with sad, wondering eyes, he went on, with a sob in his voter: "I have trusted you so entirely, my girl, it breaks my hears to think how you have deceived me. I didn't deserve this, Theo, I didn't deserve this."

"Papa! do you think I came out here to see..." She did not name Harold, but she glanced round at him as he stood there with his hat off, waiting anxiously to speak.

"God'help me, I do," her father rejoined.

"Shu did not," Harold Ffrench exclaimed,
"on my honor."

"Your honor!"

They were only two words, but they were

"Your honor?"

They were only two words, but they were enough for both who heard them. Theo read in them all her father's hatred and contempt for the man she loved, and that man writhed under them. The position was a pitiable one for them all, and she felt the full pitiable one of it. But burt, cut to the coul as she was to know herealf suspected and Harold wronged, she pitled her father the most. She knew how he would suffer when she made him feat the truth. She knew how he suffered now in doubttruth. She knew how he suffered now in de

make a come, or he emedienal, she only nessed any legal in quickly, and right hereoff in her histor's collection.

"Good-night, Mr. Fibrosch. I shall tell my states, and then he will be only neary, not may your more, that we came have to-night."

Thee held her hand out to Barold French and seemed, and so the old men, who ested leaking on salenced it, without a word. Then he defied his het to the old men, who ested leaking on sangrily, and termed away to leave them.

And now we will go fin, "Thee cald, bringing her eyes back from that glasses, that was helf offer Hareld and helf away into the part," and you will near say that I have not deserved you, and that he is no acconduct."

Blue fild not my this is either angry or injured accesses. The head a mescelline way of looking at many things, and it seemed to her neither opposed to justice nor reason that her father should be aggrieved and wrongly suspicious of her. The knowledge that he was so had been slow in dawning upon her, but as soon as it did dawn upon her, she full that appearences were against her, and that it would be idle folly to reason his hering judged her by them.

They went is, and found Mrs. Vaughan down in the midst of the assembled household, recovered from her handschel, and freely offering suggestions as to Thoo's whereabouts, and Mr. Leigh's peasons for having come down in this way, and confusion was rampant for awhile. Confusion which Theo cleared up oventually in her own houses, straightforward sanner.

"We have so much to say to cash other, let us go into a room by ourselves and cay it, papa," she excluded, going away to the door.

"We have so much to say to each other, let us go into a room by ourselves and say it, paps," she exclaimed, going away to the door.

Then her fisher followed her, trying to smile in apparent lightness of heart at his sister as he passed, an attempt which did not impose upon Mrs. Venghan for an instant, or blind her to the fact of there being something wrong.

They went back, that father and daughter, late the ream the drear duliness of which had wrought the evil of driving Theo to escape from it into the open light. When they had entered it, and Thee had shut the door, she turned to him, turned with a world of love in her out-siretched hands and flashing earnest eyes, and began:

stretched hands and flashing earnest eyes, and began:

"I can't tell you quickly enough, that as little as I thought to see you to-night, did I think to see him out there."

"Theo, is this..." he interrupted.

"Stop, dear," (in a lovingly imperative tone, a tense that made him feel she would not permit him to be unjust to her.) "I only heard of his being at Maddington this morning while we were lunching at Mr. Linley's. Now tell me what has brought you here, paps, and let us have done with that other subject."

Her father's arms were round her now, and he was kissing her on the forehead, and calling her by her pet name, in a way that proved to her right clearly that her simple statement had been accepted.

been accepted.

"The reason I came," he said, "(don't be hurt, child,) was that I learnt from a friend that there was danger to my daughter in the neighborhood, and so, despite his offer to do so for me, I came down to guard her from it

that there was danger to my daughter in the neighborhood, and so, despite his offer to do so for me, I came down to guard her from it myself."

"Danger!—from whom?" she asked. Then a seeden recellection came over, and she cried!

"Don't say, don't say, for it's untrue, you know, and you'll be so sorry."

"Berry, by heaven, no?" he almost shouted, and you'll be so sorry."

"Berry, by heaven, no?" he almost shouted, and you'll be so sorry."

"She could not weep and moan, she could not lapse into the lachrymose. Those women are happy who can do so, for it gives them something to do, and aids in passing away an awkward time. But Theo could not ory—neither her mind nor her face grew blarred. So new, though her father was more affected than she cared to see him on her account, she only said:

"It's the friend who scented out a danger that didn't exist, that has caused the doubt, but you'll forgive the one who never hart or wronged us knowingly."

She uttered this steadily enough, without the shadow of an alteration in her usual tones, but also shadow of an alteration in her usual tones, but also shadow of an alteration in her usual tones, but the shadow of an alteration in her usual tones, but the man who would have wrecked her honor had he not been found out in time, and who still pursuas her when she is away from her father's proteotion—never!"

pursues her when any transport of the protection—never!"

"Oh! my dear, my dear! you were never so hard; and you think that you are right, and I can't make you feel the truth, though I feel it all so entirely myself."

"We'll say no more about it," he said hunkily, the said hunkily, the said hunkily, the said that I'm sure of you again."

"only this, that I'm sure of you again."
Then she asked him to make her feel that he

"only this, that I'm sure of you again."

Then she saked him to make her feel that he was by staying there a few days, and then lets ting her go back to Bretford with him. When he had promised this, she, like a true woman, asked for one preof more.

"And you will scorn to turn informer, won't you? If you sere cured, you."

"If you sere cured, you."

"If you sere cured, you."

"Thore is but one thing will make me think it," Mr. Leigh replied.

"And that one thing, papa?"

"I shall believe you cured of the folly I was feolish ancught to encourage once, when I see you wipe this thing away from your life."

"What will make you believe that I have wiped it away?"

"When you can look forward, child."

"I can do that now... I shall be very happy with you said my mether, though my best happiness is gone."

"White you say that, while I know you feel it, how out I fregive that man, Theo?"

He thought of her as he asked this—thought of her as she had been on that day when Hareld Firench first came down to the rough of new steat, with all her young bloom about her days with her bear days, never her would make fresh her days, he showed in his face that we will make you, then?—and you

"Come here, Theo. Gracious !--come quick."
What is it?" Theo asked, going up to he

"What is it?" Theo saked, going up to her side.

Sydney turned a pale face round to look at her friend; her eyes were sparkling brilliantly, and her teeth almost chattering. She was contained and charmed.

"There is a figure moving about down there, Theo—a man, I'm sure! Do look."

"No," Theo said, shrinking back.

"But do, do!—he can't see us."

Them figurey pressed her hose against the glass again eagerly.

"I see him now in the shade—I mean just out of the shade of a tree. I see him quite plainly—that is, I can see one shoulder and his hat. Oh! Theo, who can it be? Oh! Theo, did you see any one?"

Poor Theo faltered,

"You knew I have not looked," she replied.

"You knew I have not looked," she replied.

"Ah! but I mean when you are out—did
you see any one when you were out? Who oan
it be?"

is be?"

"Don't let whoever it may be see you at the window, flydney; pray don't—it's nothing extraordinary any one being in the churchyard at night, after all."

"But I think it is extraordinary at the extraordinary at think it is extraordinary at

"But I think it is extraordinary at this hour. All the village people would be gone to bed. Thee, I tell you who I think it is—Frank Burgoyna."

Theo looked sharply up at Sydney, who had again brought her face away from the glass. The face was flushed now, and a smile of gratified triumph irradiated it. Miss Sydney evidently meant what she had said.

"May be it is Frank Burgoyne," Theo said tremulously, feeling very grateful to the vanity that was ever ready to suppose what it wished.

"And if it's Frank Burgoyne, what can have brought him here? Did you see him when you were out?"

"Indeed, indeed I did not, Sydney. Do be-

"Indeed, indeed I did not, Sydney. Do be-

pursues her when she is away from her father's protection—never!"

"Oh! my dear, my dear! you were never so hard, you were never so hard, you were never so hard, and you see in her a portion of that which Hareld had see in her a portion of that which Hareld had seen, and so perchance desire to possess it for his own. She felt this, she acknowledged it to be but in the order of things; perhaps (she was only a woman,) she did not feel strongly averse to such a thing occurring. But how would she take it, what ought she to do when it did occur. Would the ashes of the fire that had burnt out her childhood, that had seared her youth, go on smouldering for ever, and soorch the tendrils of any new hopes that might arise?

arise?

It seemed a terrible thing over to herself as she did it to sit there and weigh the merits of such a case, and calculate the chances of what she might be able to do in order to, at any cost, she might be able to do in order to, at any cost, make her father think that the hlight he so resented had not been eternally blasting in its effects on her. It seemed unwemanly, unworthy of one who had been dear to Harold Ffrench. But then, again, she owed it to a prior love, to the love her father bore her, to banish as many as might he banished of the signs of that early blight.

And all the while she sat there thinking of these and sundry other things, she could not lose the consciousment that was half agony and half blies, that every flicker of the little candle that lighted her vigil was watched from below by one of whom she sourcely dared to think.

At last she came to a resolution that gave her

of whom she scarcely dared to think.

At last she came to a resolution that gaze her a strange kind of strength, that imported a feeling of endurance, a sensetion of being able to bear things, which she had long lacked, despite that quiet treading of the path of duty which I have portrayed. She resolved that this early dream which her father, whom she loved so well, had denominated "a folly," should never small in the way of her fullewing any path upon which he planed her, and which him server amough already; he should never; willingly, be given another pany though her.

There came a servey had cannot him server among a servey party ever from Haddington the following meening; the two Miss Bengomes, and Fanch, and the Golsons, and He. sandry. These last had minforced the Haddington. These last had minforced the Haddington.

to your sanst; I will step here a few days, and take you hack with me, if you like."

"I think it will be better that I should go; you, sweek better that I should go; you, sweek better that I should go and be wish you; then no 'friend' need write you false netes of warning about me, page, wringing your dear did heart for nothing."

"Blies Sydney Stoots came to Thee's room that night after the latter had retired, and questioned her severely.

"Why did you go out?—and where did you go, Theo? Why didn't you ask me to go with you? I should have preferred it to coming up to bed, and then if we had been set tagether, there wouldn't have been such a bullabeleo when your father came."

"I cally wont out in the churchyard."

"And meditated among the tounbe. How ghoulish you tastes are for a girl of your sig. Didn't you feel creepy out there by yourself?"

"Rather."

"I should think an. I wonder what would hadee me to go out there," she continued, walking to the wiedew which commanded the grave yard, and placing her face against the glass, and her hands closely on either side of her eyes, and pering steadily for a few seconds into the darkness.

Suddenly she started, and said softly:

"Come here. Theo. Grapious !—come quick."

dington page the road, so they along together, will in view of taking luncheon with the with mich wild have which seem that wish have with me to-day," Ethel Burgoyne said to Theo; and her hands closely on either side of her eyes, and peering steadily for a few seconds into the darkness.

Suddenly she started, and said softly:

"Come here. Theo. Grapious !—come quick."

"but I dare say you will see him before he goes."

"I leave in a day or two also; I am going back with my father," Theo replied.

"And I am going back with her," Sydney Scott whispered to Yrank Burgoyne. She reflected that if he had deemed it worth his while to risk rheumatism in a damp graveyard at night for the sake of watching her shadow on the blind, he might even risk being rebuked by the profane, for being rashly romantic, and bringing things to a climax under fear of so soon losing her.

But all be said when she told him that she was going back with Theo, was, "Oh! are you?" and he did not look much more at the moment. But his manner had lost so much of its former buoyancy, that she was not much disheartened at his being so undemonstraive at the first shot. She would fire a few more before they finally parted, and give him another chance.

Before they had left the Loweds' sheeting.

disheartened at his being so undemonstrative at the first shot. She would fire a few more before they finally parted, and give him another chance.

Before they had left the Lownds' shooting-box that morning Mr. Linley had received a telegram from a man in town, who was more than a servent and less than a friend to him:— a man who wrote his lettere, and corrected his proofs, and disabused the minds of too despondent duns of dread when they came and waited in the hall, urged to this repulsive line of conduct by thoughts of the "heavy accounts they all had to make up next Tuesday,"—a man who was his secretary in name, and who was divers other things in fact.

The telegram was very brief; it consisted only of these words,—"Going fast; he does not know it; will shortly." But brief as it was, and relating as it did to such a pleasant thing as the freedom of somebody or something, it plunged Mr. Linley into a state of melancholy that lasted until they had been on the road for some time, and joined the Maddington party. When that event came to pass he recovered a little, and entered into a very lively disquisition with John Galton as to the respective merits of a couple of colts the latter possessed, one of which was shortly to go into training.

It so happened that John Galton directed his whole conversation during the ride to Mr. Linley and Ethel Burgorne. His wife therefore fell to the share of Frank, and Frank's elder aunt, whose mind was fully occupied with the management of her horse, and who consequently rather neglected Mrs. Galton. It was an opportunity which he dared not hops, which he did not "hope" (for he wanted to do that which was right,) might arise again, so Mr. Frank made the most of it according to his lights.

There were a variety of interests and counterinterests, there was a wealth of plotting and scheming, innocent and the reverse, assembled that day inside that quiet rectory-house.

Events did not march far, however, this morning. Linley was the only one who made a decisive move on this board wh

owning on:

"What do you all say to meeting to-morrow at Lownds, all of you who are here now? I want my old friend (I may call you my old friend, though in years gone by we had but a cursory knowledge of each other) Mr. Leigh to come and see me in my country quartera."

They all promised to go to him, all except

They all promised to go to him, all except Mrs. Vaughan, who did not care to take her best cap a pertitous journey a second time for nothing. She declined on the score of the parish requiring her supervision the following day. "There was no occasion for her now," she said, "her young ladies could go with Mr. Leigh."
"And in order not to interfere with Galton's sport, and at the same time not deprive him of such delightful society, what do you say to dining in my bachelor hut at seven, instead of lunching there at two?" Linley asked, in that sort of generous, liberal way that implies "you may find a Barmecide feast, or a baronial featival, my dear fellow, but you'll be heartily welcome to either, especially the latter."

They all said that it was a good change, and assented readily to the plan.
"You will be liable to Harold Ffrench, of course you know that, Linley?" Frank said, interrogatively.
"If Mrs. Galton's county le with you still I

course you know that, and the foreign terrogatively.

"If Mrs. Galton's cousin is with you still, I shall be most happy to see him."

"I believe he will elect to remain with papa again," Ethel put in.

"Papa, would you rather I didn't go?" Theo whispered, drawing her father into the bay-win-

"I rapa, would you rather I dun't go?" Theo whispered, drawing her father into the bay-window.

"Certainly not, you are not the one, nor am I the one, to let you shrink from a meeting that's fair and above-board," her father replied.

"Then it's settled that we all meet at Lownds at seven to-morrow," the master of Lownds said, rising up; "that is right. Now, Burgoyae, had we not better have round the horses?"

They went off, and took the road at a swinging trot. It happened that the two fastest trotters of the lot were Kate Galton's horse and Frank Burgoyne's: this being the case they soon distanced the others, for there was no good cantering ground between the Vaughan's house and Maddington Park gales.

"Nover mind, Galton," Linley muttered to John Galton, as the pair turned a corner out of sight of those behind; "the young fellow is feelish, that's all."

Jahn Galton turned with a look of honest inquiry on his face towards the man who was speaking to him. Semething in that man's eyes struck him, apparently, for presently he flushed, and saked:

"What am I not to mind? and how is the young fellow foolish? I think he's one of the nicest young fellows that I ever met with in my

nlocat young fellows that I ever met with in my life."

Linley laughed.

"My dear fellow, all right; I am ready to think so to; so may weed, Galton," he continued, in a sort of admiring burst of authorisam, "you're one of the most sensible fellows I ever met in my life." Then he drew rather nearer to Ethel Burgoyne, and began speaking to her, for John Galton was looking at him with a queer expression in his eyes. Mr. Linley had made another move.

When they reached the Maddington gates there was nothing to be seen of either Frank or Mrs. Galton.

"The; have kept up a trotting match to Lownds, probably," Ethel said; "never mind, Mr. Linley, we have our own man with us; we can ride up without Frank, Mr. Galton and you shall not come out of your road for us."

But Mr. Galton and Mr. Linley insisted on doing so, since the Miss Burgoynes' cavalier had deserted them for the lady for whose conduct Mr. Galton, and Mr. Linley toe, in a measure, were accountable.

When they were riding back through the park,

were accountable.

When they were riding back through the park,

When they were riding back through the park, after seeing their charges safely off their horses, and not so much as catching sight of Harold Ffrench, John Galton commenced:

"What did you mean just now, Linley? I'm not quick at taking things, but I hardly liked your allusion."

"Not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme, eh!—no offence; I am but making a quetation, you know."

"It would have improved the play, to my mind, if that hound, Iago, had received a score or two blows from a well-loaded hunting-whip before they set about judging him like a man," John Galton said slowly.

Mr. Linley looked askance at him as they rode slowly along.

before they set about judging him like a man," John Galton said slowly.

Mr. Linley looked askance at him as they rode slowly along.

"Iago's is an ungrateful part; how the deuce are set to know that he didn't mean well though he was a little over-sealous in the cause of 'finding out' Desdemona? But let me see; what gave rise to all this? oh! I remember; I ventured to hint to you that that foolish, impressionable boy, young Burgoyne, was boring your wife, and you treat the hint as though I had appersed Aer."

"I fancied you were falling into the mistake into which a lot of follows have fallen with regard to Kate—though no fault of hers," he added hastily. "Because she has no end of good-nature, people think she is guilty of levity, very often when it's as far from her thought as—as—anything bad can be," he continued energetically.

"Of course, of course, that is all very apparent to a man who has seen life, and knewn women as I have," Linley replied hastily: "but Burgoyne is just one of those young asses who would sell their souls to be a diluted Don Juan, that is the best ambition he has at present, I'm afraid, and that sort of fellow, little dangerous as he is in reality, is awfully compromising to a woman. I like Burgoyne very much," Mr. Linley went on frankly, "and I wish with all my heart that you would give him a setting down, or empower me to do it for you, for his grandfather has the memory of that wretched Hugo who did something or other bad ever present in his mind, and he would be down on Frank to Frank's detriment at a word."

"Set him down for his own good as much as you please," John Galton, replied, "but I will not have my wife censured even by impleastion; here they come back to meet us," he added hurriedly, and his face grew violently red as he said it. He wished he had not used the word "they" in speaking of Frank Burgoyne and his wife after what Mr. Linley had said.

"We have had a charming trot; where are the Miss Burgoyne? my horse never broke once, did he?" Kate exclaimed animatedly, appea

"Not once," he replied abstractedly, staring at her.

"You have blown him, poor fellow," John Galton said, leaning over, and patting his wife's horse; "let us walk home quietly now."

"I'll turn back with you, Burgoyne; don't be alarmed Mrs. Galton, I won't be a moment late for dinner," the master of Lownds said, politely taking off his hat to his fair gueet as he turned back on the road to Maddington with Frank Burgoyns.

"I say, young fellow," he explaimed, as soon

"I say, young fellow," he exclaimed, as soon the Galtons were out of ear-ahot, "you're one it, and no mistake; Galton is as jealous as

the mischief; how do you stand with her?"

"Good heaven! what do you mean?" Frank asked agitatedly.

What Mr. Linley meant, however, must be re-

served for another chapter.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Petroleum.

This mineral, which has of late years assumed such vast importance in the economy of the world, was by no means unknown to the ancients, nor is it confined to the United States and Canada. Two thousand years ago, as we learn from Herodotus, the citizens of Zacynthus (Pante) were accustomed to collect a mineral pitch, called by them "pittumen," from two wells distant about twelve miles from the city. This substance they used as a substitute for vegetable pitch in many operations. On the island of Sicily it occurred in a fluid condition, at common temperatures, and was used for Illuminating purposes by the inhabitants of Agrigentum. Its existence in Farther India, especially along the banks of the Irawaddy rives, was known in very ancient theses. At Rangeon there are upwards of five hundred wells, yielding annually 412,000 hogaheads, and supplying the whole Burnese Empire-with light. In several districts in China there are numerous oil and gas wells. Solid bitumen occurs is great quantities along the shores of the Dead and Caspian ceas. This was an important ingredient in the Greek Fira. It was used for many purposes among the Jews; and many have supposed that the text, Matt. v. 12, refers not to salt, but to bitumen, which was used in Jewish sacrifices, and termed salt. Salt cannot lose its savor, but while soft, bitumen has a strong taste and odor, which, upon axpowers, it loses. Petroleum was first discovered in Europe in 1640, by an Italian physician. A petroleum spring near Amiano, in Parma, has supplied Genoa for many years. Modesta, also, possesses some remarkably rich wells. On the shore of the Black See, wells have lately been opened by some enterprising Americans and Englishmen.

In Trinidad, aspinaltum or solid bitumen occurs in vast quantities. Near Cape La Braye it issues from the bottom of the sea at times, with This mineral, which has of late years assumed

rable distance. It is collected us the should be so great an axions, for these quantum of a mile, as to support a very rigueous regentation as to confine. On the same sized is the remembrable price in directors, and consider entirely of suphistics. A mile and a balf in streamformen, and consider entirely of suphistics. A houst the shores the bittemen in which but softens toward the centre, where is being in format in a state of remarkable perity.

But with petrolecum in one own sensory, we have chiefly to deal in this paper. He called the above the advant of European settlers, but likes all other indian discoveries, its history is breaked in tradicion. Many year: ago, may the fishmen below the advant of European settlers, but likes all other indian discoveries, its history is there are not chiefled that, in clean spart of their country, there are define the spirit informed one of their chiefles that, in cleans part of their country, there are used from the earth an olly liquid, which was called the proceeded to the place indiang to the invalid savage. Obeying the laquaction given, the chiefle proceeded to the place indiang to the invalid savage. Obeying the laquaction given, the chiefle proceeded to the place indiang to the invalid savage and the proceeding of the place indiang to the invalid savage and the proceeding of the place indiang to the liquid the proceeding the proceeding of the place indiang to the liquid the proceeding to the place indiang to the liquid the proceeding to the place indiang to the liquid the proceeding to the place indiang to the liquid the proceeding to the place indiang to the liquid the proceeding to the place in the place of the place in the place of the place in the place of the place o

due of asphaltum upon distillation. Its equantity varies from 0.830 to 0.890. If the oil is long exposed to the air, it evaporates taneously and assumes the solid force. It is sufficiently as a wonderful power of extension, if a drop of it be placed upon the surface of it will spread over an area of several feet, is will spread over an area of several feet, is will spread over an area of several feet, is almost unaffected by cold, retaining its liquid at all natural temperatures.

The geology of petroleum is intensely intelling, since the mineral occurs in almost portion of the globe, and in nearly every fortion, from the Silurian to the post-tertiary, abundantly, however, fin those lying above corniferous limestone and underlying the measures. That the order of these formation as the post-tertiary is abundantly, however, fin the post-tertiary abundantly, however, fin those lying above corniferous limestone and underlying the measures. That the order of these formation as the post-tertiary and the theory of the more important to bearing groups, giving them in the order of time the tertiary of course being the most modern.

PERIODS.

EPOCHS.

PERIODS. EPOCHS. Age of Diectyledone, Tertiary. Pijocena, Micocena, Ecoena. Age of Cyonds, Cretaceous, Permian, Cretanorma,
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Chemnag.
Genegee.
Hamilton.
Marpellus.
U. Hesiserburg.
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Canto Galil.
Ornikary Coal Plants. Carboniferous, S. Carboniferous, Catakill, Chemung, Hamilton, Sea Woods, Corniferous Oriskany, Silurian,

In this table all spochs not represented our continent have been emitted: the ages has been divided according to their botanical of

rectaristics.

The lowest oil-bearing group in America, importance, is the Upper Helderberg, which as it were, a vast own! recf. stretching fre Central New York under Lake Erie, and respearing in Michigan and Canada at Lake Clair. The cavities of its sorals are positive overflowing with potroloum, and the walls of a Scoond Franklyterian Church at Chicago, whi is built of this limestone, are covered with coating of potroloum distilled from the see The Marcellus shales, with the Helderberg, a the source whence all the oil is obtained Canada. T. Steery Hunt regards these shall conada.

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leum of ex later geolo table bitum of bitumen of South formed from period has the ocean, been chang Upon this in the lowe oil resulted vegetable viaced ours

as the seat of all the cal. This, invested to the cay the least, uncertain, since it is as put unascertained whether or not they extend to the call regions of Peansylvania and Vinginia.

In the Hamilton formation we find the combinated springs at Sensea Lake and most of the oil or pas oprings in the western part of New York Seate. In the Genesee we had many of the Ohio wells. From the Perings, most of the oil of Oil Greek is derived. Oil has been found in all the formations from the Perings up to the Permina, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for working, except in a few instances in the coal series, and one in the Permina in Kansas. The infloations of petroleum in all these are so positive, however, as to have no room to doubt that they are as rich as any yet explored. The great petroleum region of California, and the remarkable asphaltum formations in Trailed and in South America, are in formations of the createscens or fertiary periods.

The formations summerated above are 24,000 feet thick in a vertical direction," and extend from Nova Scotia to Lake St. Clair, and from Virginia to the Tennessee river, giving us, according to Dr. Stevens, an oil-hearing area of no less than 300,000 square miles. Therefore the oil is not limited to Oil orsek and its vicinity, but wherever any of these formations are found, there oil exists, and, in all probability, in paying quantities.

To determine in which group the oil is formed is a matter of extreme difficulty, and perhaps cannot be definitely settled until we are more thoroughly informed concerning the manner of its origin. To explain this, as many theories as there are owners of wells have been advanced; the vast majority of which, however, are frivolous and undeserving of attention.

Among the oldest and most respectable of these theories is that which regards petroleum as resulting from the distillation of bluminous considered by heavy pressure, while the coal is a server of this theory in the count of and careful examination, asserts that he has never seen "

Since oil is found plentifully.

Since oil is found plentifully.

Since oil is found plentifully.

Since oil is found only in cavities of limited extent, this theory appears to be strengthened, inasmuch as very evidently some of these are of volcanic origin, so that they have been regarded as all resulting from volcanie action. This subtheory (if we may so express it) is weaker than its principal, since in the oil-creek region, there are evidences of volcanic action; so also in many other districts. Doubtless these cavities are nothing other than the result of erosion. One is impelled to this belief by the nature of the formations in which oil cavities are chiefly found, as well as by the fact that oil springs are very frequently accompanied by sait water.

Another theory, more pretentious in its scientific aspect, is, that petroleum is simply a combination of carbon and hydrogen resulting during a decomposition of water and carbonic acid in the earth, is thus enunciated. Underlying many oil-producing rocks is the vast limestone formation, of great thickness; the water falls on the earth's surface, percolates through its porous standstones, becomes charged with various chemical substances, and at last reaches the lime, which it decomposes, esting fire the carbonic acid, which it decomposes through its porous standstones, becomes charged with various chemical substances, and at last reaches the lime, which it decomposes, esting fire the curbonic acid, which it is turn is decomposed, the carbon uniting with the hydregen of the water, while the oxygen is set free to ascend to the atmosphere, or unite with metals in the earth to form oxydes. This is a very beautiful theory, and might be plausible or possible, if there were not so many clay beds being, as is well-known, almost absolutely impervious both to gas and water. So that even if chemically possible in the earth is absolutely impervious both to gas and water. So that even if chemically possible in the office of the carbon of the action of the series of the ca rvious both to gas and water. So that even if chemically possible (which is doubtful,) the theory is physically im-

A careful consideration of all the facts and circumstances bearing upon the subject will con-vince any person that petroleum has not every-where originated in the same manner. One where originated in the same manner. One general theory, however, applies to the whole. Petroleum has originated from the carbon and hydrogen of animals and vegetables formerly existing. This theory is well borne out by the facts. Among the fessils in the Ohio oil-bearing region, fish are found, whose skeletons are preserved intact, but whose soft parts are entirely converted into petroleum. The form of the fish is preserved in the cavity, which shows that the change was gradual; otherwise, the rock, then converted into petroleum. The form of the fish is preserved in the cavity, which shows that the change was gradual; otherwise, the rock, then soft, would have yielded to the pressure from without, and closely surrounded the skeleton, as is the case with the fossil fish from Italy said Mt. Lebanon. At Oil creek, the shales are filled with stumps of soaweeds and land-plants, which Dr. R. P. Stevens, one of our most eminent practical geologists, thinks were, in all probability, oil-bearing plants. He is supported in this by the striking resemblance of petroleum to many of the vegetable essential oils. In the limestones of the Silurian and earlier Devonian we find cavities of large orthoceratics filled with petroleum of exceedingly offensive odor. Besides, in later geology we have abundant proof of vegetable bituminization. The great accumulations of Bouth America, have, beyond doubt, been formed from vegetable matter, which for a vast period has been carried down by the Orinoco te the ocean, where, by heat and pressure, it has been changed into bitumen.

Upon this theory, then, we may conclude that, it has been carried to the season the state of t

Upon this theory, then, we may conclude that, a the lower or earlier geological formations the ill resulted from animal, and in the later, from egetable decomposition. Having thus contacted ourselves of its origin, we can in some mea-

sure take advantage from the theory first mentioned. By means of subterranean heat this til, thus formed, has been distilled from the formations in which it was held, and afterwards condensed under great pressure in the cavities where it is now fromed. In other cases, where such cavities did not exist, and the surrounding off-consciances were favorable, the vaporized off may have accorded and condensed in the cooler shapes above. In this way, thus, we may account for the vact accommissions of all aprend through the bituminous shales in the coal measures.

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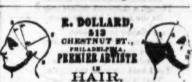
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der glebe in the benefits dry the new decrees the served arrival to

day; yet would I not embange pleass with a men impaths of insulting housest poverty, as you have done this night."

The powed Vinginiam felt the rebule house; and as he stood, momentarily silent, is the presence of the haplons victim of panury, he could not help remembering that he had, on that very morning, willingly given his youngest son five thousand dollars (\$5,000) to purchase a kite and some marbles. Greatly stricken in occasionee, and heartily ashamed of his recent measures, he terned to the supplicat and said, kindly:—

"Give me your address, and to morrow morning I will send you a cart full (000) of means. I would give you more now, but I have on!"

"Heaves Fare," responded the deeply-affected pasper, "your nobic charity will enable me to pay the nine theseand dollars (\$90,000) I owe for a week's board; and now let me ask, how goes our nerved enum?"

"Nover brighter," answered the wealthy Confederate, with enthusiam. "We have succeeded to-day in forcing five more cities through the Yankee lines, and are dragging three whole Hessian nemics to this city."

"Then welcome poverty for a while longer," oried the beggur, pathetically; and so great was his exuberance of spirit at the news, that he resolved to apend five hundred dollars (\$600) for a cigar in honer thereof.

Mr. Fero walked thoughtfully on toward his residence, pendering enroestly the words he had listened to, and astenished to find how easily a rich man could give happiness to a poor one. After all, thought he, there is more contentment in poverty than in riches. Show me the rich man who can boost the sturdy lightness of heart inspiring that haokuied rhyme, the

CARGE OF THE CONFEDERATE BRIGAS.

Though but fifty thousand dollars. Be the sum of all I own,
Yet I'm merry with my begging,
And I'm happy with my bone;
Nor with any brother beggar
Does my heart refuse to chare,
Though a thousand dollars only
Be the most I have to spare.

I am shabby in my seven
Handred dellar hat of straw,
And my dinner's but eleven
Handred dellars in the raw;
Yet I hold my head the higher,
That it owes the hetter least,

Hamming to himself this simple lay of con-tented wast, Mr. Fare reached his own resi-dence, gave eighty dellars (\$40) to a little boy on the sidewalk for blacking his boots, and en-tered the pertals of the hospitable mansion. His wife met him in the hall, and, as they walk-ed together into the parlor, he noticed that her expression was agricus.

expression was serious.

"Have you heard the latest news, Mose

she saked.

"Ne," returned the haughty Southerner.

"Well," said the lady, "just before you came
in, I gave Sambe a hundred and twalve dollars
(\$112) to get an evening paper, which says that
the Confederate government is about to seize
all the money in the country, to pay the soldiars."

A gorgeous smile lit up the features of the chivairie Virginian, and he said:—

"Let them take both my sheds full (\$000000-000); let them take it all! Sooner than submit,

or consent to be Reconstructed, I would give my very life, even, for the sake of the Confederacy!"

Mrs. Faro still looked serious.

"Moses," she said, with quivering lips, "have you not got, hidden away somewhere, a twenty-shilling gold piece (\$2,500,000)?"

Ghastly pale turned the proud Confederate, and he could barely stammer,

"Ye-ye-yes."

"Well," murmured the matron, "it's the gold they intend to take, I reckon."

they intend to take, I recken."

That was enough. Frantically tore Mr. Faro into the street; deperately raced he to the city limits; madly flew he past the pickets and sentinels; swiftly scoured he down the Boyuton Flank Road. A Yankee bayonet was at his

Plank Road. A Yankee bayonet was at his boson.

"Reconstruction I" shouted he."
They took him before the nearest post-commandant, and he only said,

"Let me be Reconstructed."
Need the reader be informed that he is now in New York, looking for a house, and in great need of some financial aid to help him pay the read of some financial aid to help him pay the read of some financial aid to help him pay the read of some a residence as he has always been necustomed to and cannot live wishout? Yee, far from home, family and friends, he is now one of those long-suffering, self-sacrificing Union refugees from the Bouth, whom it is a pleasure to assist, and whose manly opposition to the military despotiess of the Confederacy commends them to our unsweet liberality. He will assept denations in memory, and this fact should be sufficient to make all leyal men eager to extend such pecuniary occuragement as may suffee to keep him above any necessity for exertion until the presidency of some Bank can be procured for him by the Christian Commission.

I may add, my boy, that any monestary occurrituation intended for this excellent man, may be directed to

Yours, patronicingly,



The Shertest Way. The filtertest Way.

Bome twelve years ago, Napoleon, Ind., was celebrated for two things, one for the carcusing propensities of its citiseus, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its violaity. It appears that an eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he become acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the hest routs to different points to which he was destined.

ned.
"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collec-rr; " now, which is the shortest way?"
"Well, sir," said the drover, " you had better to Napoleon, and take the road leading

ge to Napoleon, and take t searly north."

The traveller noted it down.
"Well als if I mich

"Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?"
"Then go to Napoleon and take the read Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"
Go to Napoleon and take the road

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the colle eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being inposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road north-

The collector looked at his note book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the

ppose, sir, I wanted to go to his fiatani

bead, and after a moment's besitation said:
"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any
shorter road you could take than to go to Napo
leon."

A phorismo.

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planes (!)

Men who est bastily, or get drunk, do not know how to est or drink.

To say that a man sught net to vary his wine is heresy; the paints becomes deadened; after the third glass the finest wine in the world becomes insipid.

Cookery is a science; no man is born a cook.

ok is punctuality. The same may be said

of guests.

To wait too long for a guest is a politeness towards all who have arrived punc-

tually. A man who invites friends to dinner, and

worthy of friendship.

When you invite a man to dinner, never forget that during the short time he is under your roof his happiness is in your hands.

The only one of these axioms which we do not absolutely accept, is that which places punctuality at the head of culinary virtues. We should have preceded it by cleanlines; but it is possible that Brillet-Savarin did not think that a person who had not that virtue could, by any figure of speech, be called a cook.

Undying Plants.

A letter from Guaymas, Sonors, Mexico

A letter from Guaymaa, Sonors, Mexico, says:—

"Passing on beyond Aribechi about two miles, we struck the bed of a stream through which we commenced our progress to another range of mountains whose slopes came down to the very edge of the channel way. It was here that we found the north sides of rooks which faced the stream covered with what at first seemed to be the most exquisitely besutful green mosess that ever deched the rugged sides of a mountain. The entire sides of the mountain at this spot were blooming in the liveliset green. We'dlismounted to pluck zome of these plants, and found that they were not strictly mosses, though undoubtedly they belonged to that class of plants. Each one had separate roots firmly bolding it to the rooks, and from these roots grow out a plant that opened to the diameter of a common tea-oup or a source, and spread itself fast on the face of the rock. The leaf somewhat recembles in texture the arbor vite. These plants hear the name of 'simprov vice' always living, or always alive. Their pocularity is to come out into beautiful green life in the ralay assess, and then, when all moleture has described them, so turn as brown as enterm leaves and root or earl themselves up like a ball, as undescribed them, so turn as brown as enterm, seemingly dead.

But with the return of moisture, they uncuritheir leaves and spread out again as beautiful and green as ever. Another peculiarity of the plant is, that you may pluck it, throw it into your saddlebags, and keep it six months; and then place the rocts in a oup or assocs of water when you retire for the night, and in the morning you will find by your side a lively green plant. It looks like magic. But I have tried it to my surprise and delight. The plant never dies, its life is immortal, and its beauty of texture, and form, and color is removed or continues with the continued supply of moisture."

THE OLD LETTER.

I burned the others, one by one; but my courage falled at last,

And I snatched this, scorehed and yellow, where the fire's breath had passed.

I could not let it lie there, for it turned like a I could not let it lie there, for it tur thing in pain; And I love it for the old times' sake,

They used to call me beautiful; I had else beside. There was none more great all the world wide; And it's still a sort of pleas

know he case could think so and write such words of me.

But my poor beauty faded; 'twas the only I had. was always weak and foolish, and life grew and, For the cruel blighting fever left me

(Oh, it's true that "Beauty's fleeting my love no more loved me.

I'd have loved him all the more for that or any grief beelde; But then he was so different. Oh, if I had only

died! And yet, how can I wish him to have in my stead? think it would have gri that I was dead.

For since my beauty left me, I have tried hard to be good;

And his name is always on my lips, when I pray to God above—
Oh, surely I may pray for one I can never cease to love!

never fit to be his wife, even when my face was fair;

But every one may prey to Heaven; we all are equal there.

And God, in His great mercy, will not pass my prayers by.

I have one thing left to live for—to pray for him till I die.

"Well, here I am at last, like a ohild from school, going home for the holidays."

ACRICULTURAL.

In the Western Rural, one of our best agricultural journals, there has been broached the subject as to the usefulness of applying powdered lime to the mows of hay, especially when in rather a moint state, as it is hauled from the field. One correspondent asks for information, and unother given it, by saying that a mow of badly dried hay to which he applied the lime, at the rate of two or three quarts to the ton, showed not the least mustiness, when used in January, contrary to what he expected. Another correspondent asswers that he had better keep his lime in his lime house, than to try to improve his hay with it, as all the satisfaction Argot was to "see hig clouds of dust that would injure the lungs of any animal." We nevertheless believe that hase is a preserver and awestner of hay, especially when liable to suffer from mustiness; but it should not be applied in quantities as to raise "hig clouds of dust."—Governments.

The American tent-enterpillars or lasheys, so destructive to the early foliage of wild-cherry trees and apple trees, become moths in July, and iny their eggs in July and August. Vasirious methods for the destruction and extermination of those posts are researed to by theirly and enterprising farmors and gardeners; and to be associated, they should be universal. One of the most effective methods to prevent their ravages is to seek the aggs of the mosts during these fine spring mornings, which, when found, as they easily may be, especially in young orchards, elip the twigs wherever they are deposited with a sharp instrument and burn these. Nurseries may thus be cleared of them. Sheard and a ladder, are the equipments necessary for this important work. Let it be done this meath, as farmers have more time to attend to it, and besides it is less and pleasanter work than after the eggs are hatched into devouring worms, for them is seed-time pressing with its multifarious demands for labor. Not only apple trees, but all the wild-cherry trees, on and about the farm premises, should be thoroughly, diligently and most carefully searched, that this evil may be prevented in its embryonic state.—

Busine Cultivator.

TRAINING DOGS —In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Gov. Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs

Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep:

"A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or sprange dog, can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7½ o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour.

BLOOD.—Some of the English papers are discussing the propriety of utilizing the blood of slaughtered animals. Fowls, they say, are not bled, and hare soup is not worth eating unless dressed wishout bleeding, and the blood of eat-tle and sheep, rich in nutritious albumen, from 35 to 5 lbs. each should not be lost. An ingenious if not extinctive attempt is made to tend to us.

USEFUL BECEIPTS.

RHEUMATIC PAINS.—For rheumatic pains or even pleurisy pain we would strongly recommend trying a hot beg of sait, placed upon the suffering part. We have known acute pain to be easily removed by one application only, though it is well worthy a persevering trial.—Mass. Ploughman.

Egos for PASTRY.—It should be remembered that ears not only reader pastry light but that

Mass. Ploughman.

Eags not only reader pastry light, but that they also add greatly to its nutritive value. In this respect they are superior to the baking powders, which are merely combinations of certain chemical ingredients that give out gaseous substances when heated in the even, and these, by distending the dough, reader it light, but without adding any nutritious material whatever. The following directions will be found to make a good baking powder:—Bicarbonate of soda, two ounces; tartaric acid, ense cunce; starch, or corn-flour, two ounces. These materials should be gently dried before mixing, which is best done by passing them twice through a coarse sieve, and then kept in a tightly-closed bottle in a dry place.

TOASTED CHEESE.—Toast a slice of bread on both sides; toast a slice of cheese on one side; place it on the toast and brown it with a hot salamander, rubbing some mustard over it afterwards. Another receipt:—Toast s elice of bread, soak it in red wine, and put it before the fire; cut some choese in very thin alices, and having rubbed some butter over a plate, place the cheese upon it, and pour in two or three spoonful of white wine, and as little mustard; cover it with another plate, and set it on a chafing-dish of coals for two or three minutes. Stir it until well mixed, lay it upon the bread, and brown it with a salamander.

Ax Irana Straw.—Take off the under bone from the best end of a neck of mutton, and cut

it with a salamander.

AN IRIBH STRW.—Take off the under bone from the best end of a neck of mutton, and cut it into chops; season them with pepper and salt, some mushroom powder, and beaten mace. Put the meat into a stewpan, slice a large onion, and tie up a bunch of parsley and thyme, and add these and a pint of veal broth to the meat. Let this simmer until the chops are about three-parts done, when add some onions and whole potatoes pecied, and let all stew together until the coughly cooked. Take out the narsley and

parts done, when add some onions and whole potatoes peeled, and let all stew together until thoroughly cooked. Take out the parsley and thyme, and serve up in a deep dish.—Eris.

To Parsery Oranges Wholk.—Out the rinds of the oranges into scallops or any other pattern, with a pen-knife, and throw the fruit into water, changing it every day for three days; after which boil them until tender enough to pass a straw into them, and put them into water until the next day. On taking them out, wipe them very dry. Boil them two or three times in a strong syrup, until clear, never putting the syrup to them until cold.—Isabel.

Take the best Seville oranges, pare them very thin, or scrape with a filver knife, and lay them in apring water for four days, shifting them each day. Then put them in a brass pan of spring water; put a board on them to keep them down. They will take a great deal of boiling; the pan mult be filled with boiling water as it wastes; they must boil till a straw will pass through them; then carefully scrape the seeds out. To every pound of oranges put 1‡ pounds loaf sugar pounded and sifted; fill the oranges with sugar, and sift some ever them; let them lie a little time. To every pound of oranges put 1‡ pint water and 3 pints of the sugar left from filling them; boil and skim it well, and pour it into a clean earthen pan; let it stand till cold, then pour it into a preserving pan, and add the oranges. Prick them with a bodhin as they boil in the syrup, and stew in the remainder of the sugar; when quite clear put them into lars; boil the syrup till almost a jelly, and All the pots when cold.—I. C. F.

Beccher asked Park Benjamin why he never came to Brooklyn to hear him preach. Benjamin replied: "Why, Beecher, the fact is, I have conscientious seruples against going to places of public amusement on Sundays."

In the Helland colony, in Kent county, Mich., a discarded lover prosecuted his girl for breach of promise, but subsequently compromised the matter on her agreeing to do his washing for one or two years.

WEITTEN FOR THE SAFFROAT STREETS POIN

My 33, 5, 17, 5, 13, is the possilar an

virtue of men.

My 1, 33, 3, 7, 10, 13, 22, 15, is the possible and essential virtue of weenen.

My 18, 5, 21, 14, 23, is the most beautiful consists of life, full of brightness and radional in smiles.

My 7, 8, 9, is the sanker of the universe.

My 4, 11, 10, 11, 13, 23, is the mark of a little mind.

mind. My whole are amiable qualiti

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING My first unto the fields of love

Where the assessin stealthily ever My second follows on. The savage aim of wicked hearts, When murd'rous deeds are done

My whole, within a noble state, Glides a bright river fair, Whose works command the loude Whose works command the From all who visit there. Baltimore, Md. ore, Md.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVERIPS I

My let is in moon, but not in sun.
My 2d is in grain, but not in tun.
My 2d is in red, but not in blue.
My 4th is in hack, but not in hew.
My 5th is in grean, but not in ery.
My 6th is in wheat, but not in ery.
My 7th is in stilke, but not in beat.
My 8th is in chew, but not in est.
My 8th is in echew, but not in est.
My 8th is in echew, but not in est.

My 9th is in ear, but not in ear.
My 9th is in ear, but not in eya.
My 10th is in frown, but not in sigh.
My whole is the name of a large island.

Cincinnati, O.
S. HORACE G.

Charade. WRITTEN POR THE RATURDAY EVERING PO

Entire, I am a short prayer.
Behead me, and I am a dangerous Cape.
and I am a measure of land. Transpose me, and I am a dangerous Capa.
Transpose me, and I am a measure of land.
Transpose again, and I become a trouble.
Ourtail me, and I am a vehicle.
Transpose, and I am the part of a cirole.
Ourtail me twice, and an article is left.
Nacionati, Ohio.

8. HORACE G.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SYREIDS POST.

Two travellers, A and B, set out from two different cities, C and D, and travel by the same road towards each other. A left the city of C to travel to the city of D at the same time that B started from D to travel to C—the distance between the cities being \$40 miles. When A had travelled \$40 miles, he overteek a drove of sheep; B met this same drove some hours afterwards, and then found that it would take him 136 hours to go to C, and that the drove must travel \$16 hours before arriving at D. When B had travelled 120 miles, he was coerie-ken by an express; A met the same express some When B had travelled 120 miles, he was corta-ben by an express; A met the same express some time afterwards, and then found that he must travel 114 hours to get to D, and that it would take the express only 64 hours to travel to C. Required, the hourly speed of A and B, and the hourly speed of the drove and express.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venange ee., Pa.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY SVENING POST The diameter of a, sphere is 10 inches; what is the height of a segment thereof whose solidity shall contain 54.4544 cubical inches?

Mathematical Problem

A triangular hole, 12 inches on a side, is out through the centre of a sphere 20 inches in dis-meter. Required, the solidity taken from the sphere.

GILL BATES. Walnut Grove, Vinces Co., Illino

Conundrums.

lucky could
It was a stant terred them, pocker stamp.
"I shape coaled as I th Tom?"
"It

grave take to Tom oo beneat back, a to fail while attire o been r made m It was physics self loo rained-the floo and the away; teeth e wind oo Naturee of the sed summthe angand the angand the self loo rained-the floo rained-the floo rained-the floo rained the sed summthe angand the sed summthe angand the results of the results of the sed summthe angand the results of the sed summthe sed summ

The chambe The mession and iss which was a mession and income the control of the

Why does a duck dip its head under water? Ans.—For divers reasons.

Why is an angry man less pliable than iron? Ans.—Because he is not to be wrought. spon when hot.

ET Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in our return ticket? Ans.—To let you pass

through.

If a man falls out of a window, what does he fall against? Ana.—Against his will.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? Ana.—One that is for bidding (feebidding.)

Why is it impossible for a clock that indicates the smaller divisions of time to be new? Ana.—Because it is a second-hand one.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGNA-

"I've seen you weary winter's sun Twice forty times return, And every time has added proofs That Man was made to mourn." CHARADE-New-Year, CHARADE-Person oine, (Pork-you-pine.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, published Feb. 4:—42.9 cubic inches. And to my own, same date—56 deg. 3 min. and 6 sec. of latitude. Gill Bates. The same answers gives by Morgan Stevens. David Wickersham's saver to last, 56 deg. 5 min. 8 sec.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, sand data:—195 and 225 purches respectively.— Morgan Sterens and Francis M. Pules.